

The Adventures of Robin Hood

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PDC



RICHARD GREENE

**TELEVISION'S
ROBIN HOOD**

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TWO KINDS OF ARROWS

MAN-AT-ARMS disguise does not conceal the tough features of Little John, trustworthy and rugged lieutenant of Sherwood's valiant ruler, Robin Hood. The bowstring is notched in the end of the shaft and mailed fingers are curled in readiness, as the big man waits in concealment to trap the henchmen of the tricky Sheriff of Nottingham.

•

MAID-IN-ARMS might well be setting a trap too! But if this be the intent of Maid Marion, it does not seem to bother the man who has escaped deadlier snares set by Prince John. Robin Hood is used to taking chances, and the gentle shafts of Cupid fail to frighten him any more than do the crossbow bolts of the enemy!



Robin Hood

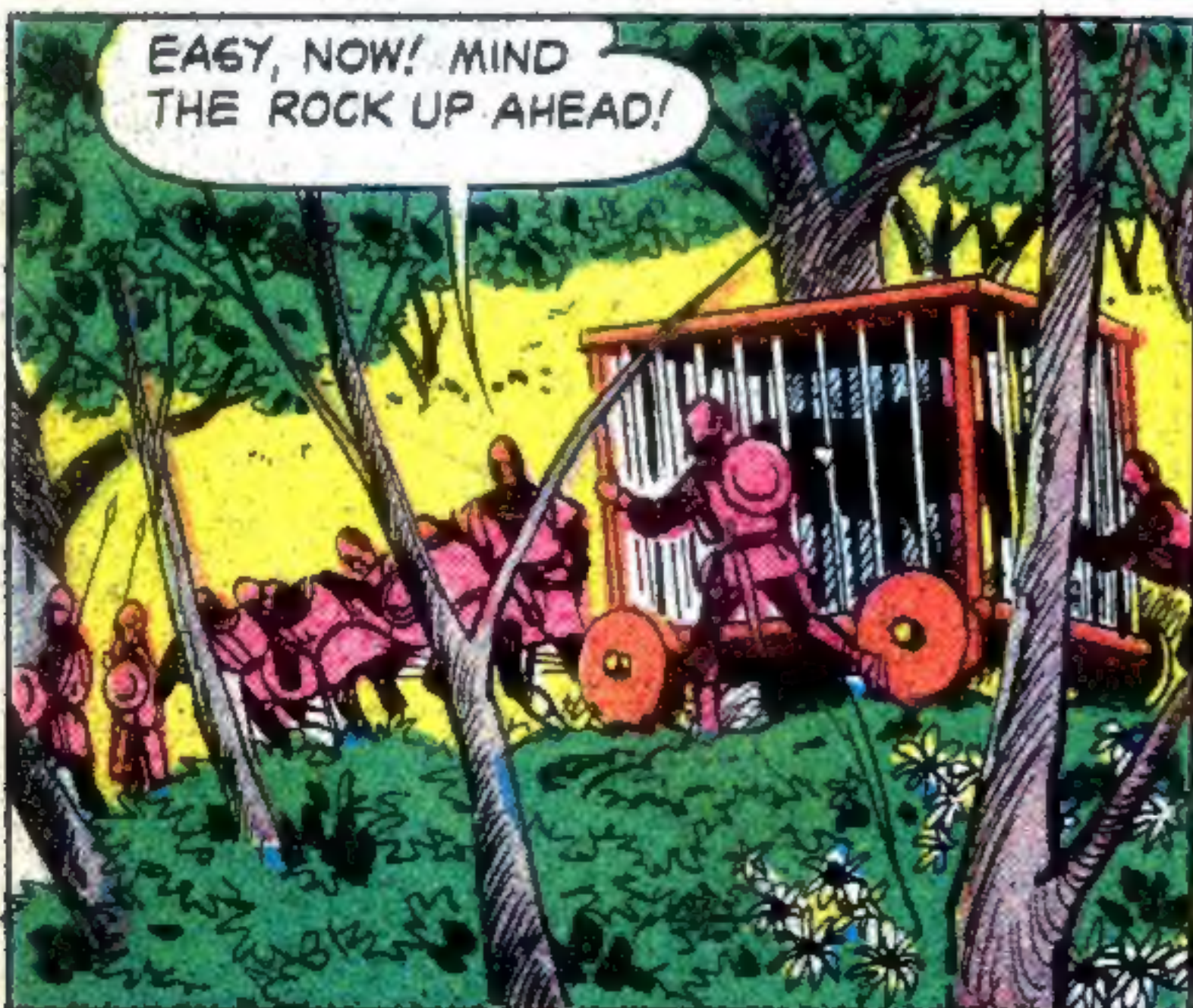
AS LONG AS ROBIN HOOD REMAINS AT LIBERTY, PRINCE JOHN KNOWS THAT ENGLISHMEN WILL RESIST HIS TYRANNY! SO THE TRAITOR PRINCE APPOINTS A HARDBITTEN SOLDIER AS SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPTURE THE MASTER ARCHER OF SHERWOOD FOREST AT ALL COSTS... AND INTO THE TRAP THAT THE NEW SHERIFF SETS FOR HIM STEPS ROBIN HOOD, TO DISCOVER TOO LATE THAT—
DOOM IS THE PRIZE!

HE'S WEAK FROM YOUR BLOWS! FINISH HIM OFF!

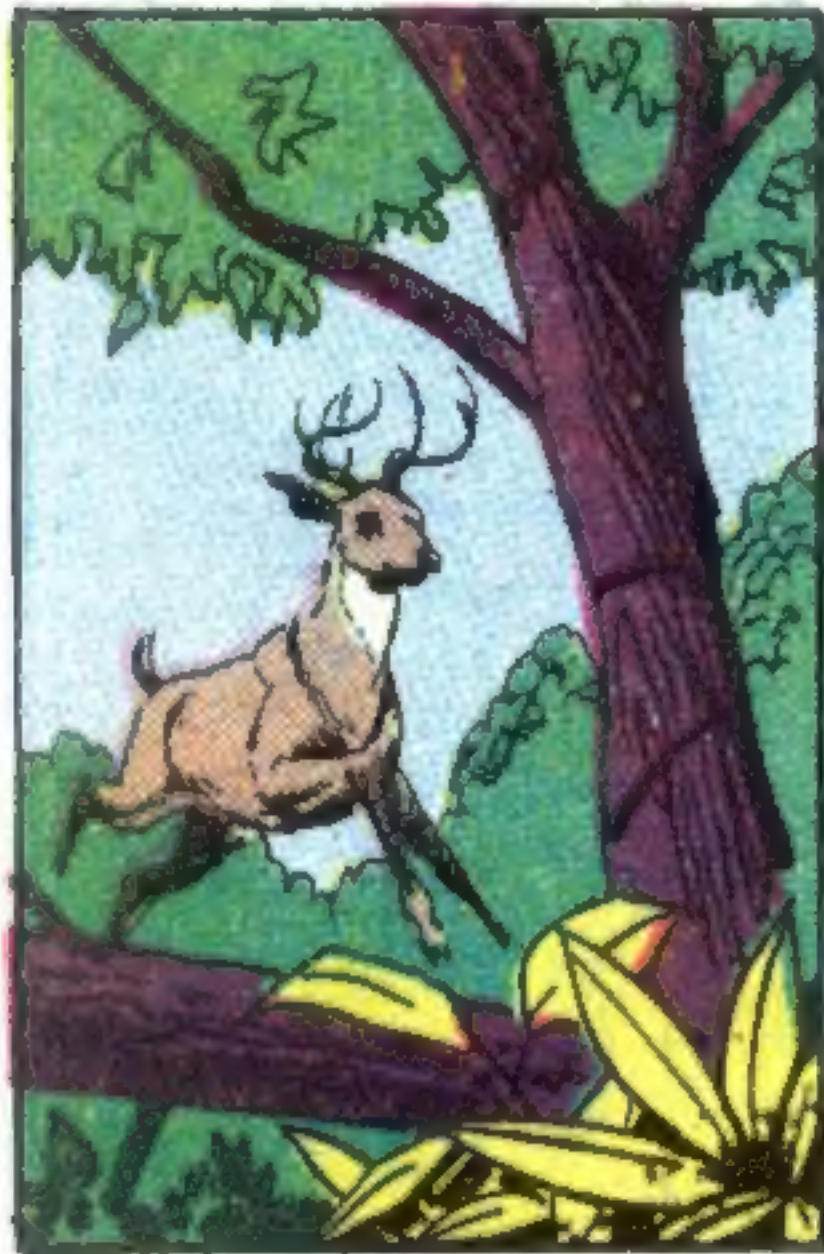


MEN COME OFTEN INTO SHERWOOD FOREST TO HUNT, BUT FEW BRING THE QUARRY WITH THEM...!

THE CAGE DOOR LIFTS—



ON STEALTHY FEET, THE MEN-AT-ARMS CREEP THROUGH THE FOREST, SWORDS AND AXES READY. THIS IS NOT THE WAY OF DEER HUNTERS—DO THESE MEN HUNT SOMETHING OTHER THAN A STAG...?



BEHIND THEM, ONLY THE CHARRED REMNANTS OF A FIRE SHOWS WHERE THEY BURNED THE CAGE...



FOR HOURS THE SOLDIERS TRAIL THE STAG UNTIL—



LOOK! SOMEONE ELSE HAS SEEN THE ANIMAL!

'TIS ROBIN HOOD! OUR PLAN WORKS!



FORWARD, EVERY ONE! AT LAST WE HAVE THE LEADER OF THE MERRY MEN SURROUNDED!



YIELD, ROBIN HOOD! WE'VE CAUGHT YOU IN OUR TRAP!

'TIS NOT I WHO FELL INTO THE TRAP— BUT YOU!

SUDDENLY A QUARTERSTAFF THUDS HOME ON A METAL CAP!



FOOLS! TO THINK WE WOULD NOT SEE YOUR FIRE SMOKE WHEN YOU BURNED YOUR CAGE!

THE FLAT OF A BROADSWORD FELS TWO MORE...



WE SENT ROBIN ON AHEAD TO FOLLOW THE STAG. YOU FOLLOWED HIM! WE CAME AFTER YOU! GO GET THEM, MERRY MEN!

STRIPPED OF ARMS AND ARMOR, THE "TRAPPERS" SKULK BACK INTO NOTTINGHAM, TO THE JEERS OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE...



HA! HA! ROBIN HOOD TREATS ALL TYRANTS AND THEIR BULLIES IN SUCH MANNER. HO! HO!

IN LONDON TOWN, PRINCE JOHN PURPLES WITH RAGE...

FOR THE LAST TIME, ROBIN HOOD HAS MADE A MOCKERY OF ME! GUARDS! SEND SIR ROBERT MURDACH TO ME!

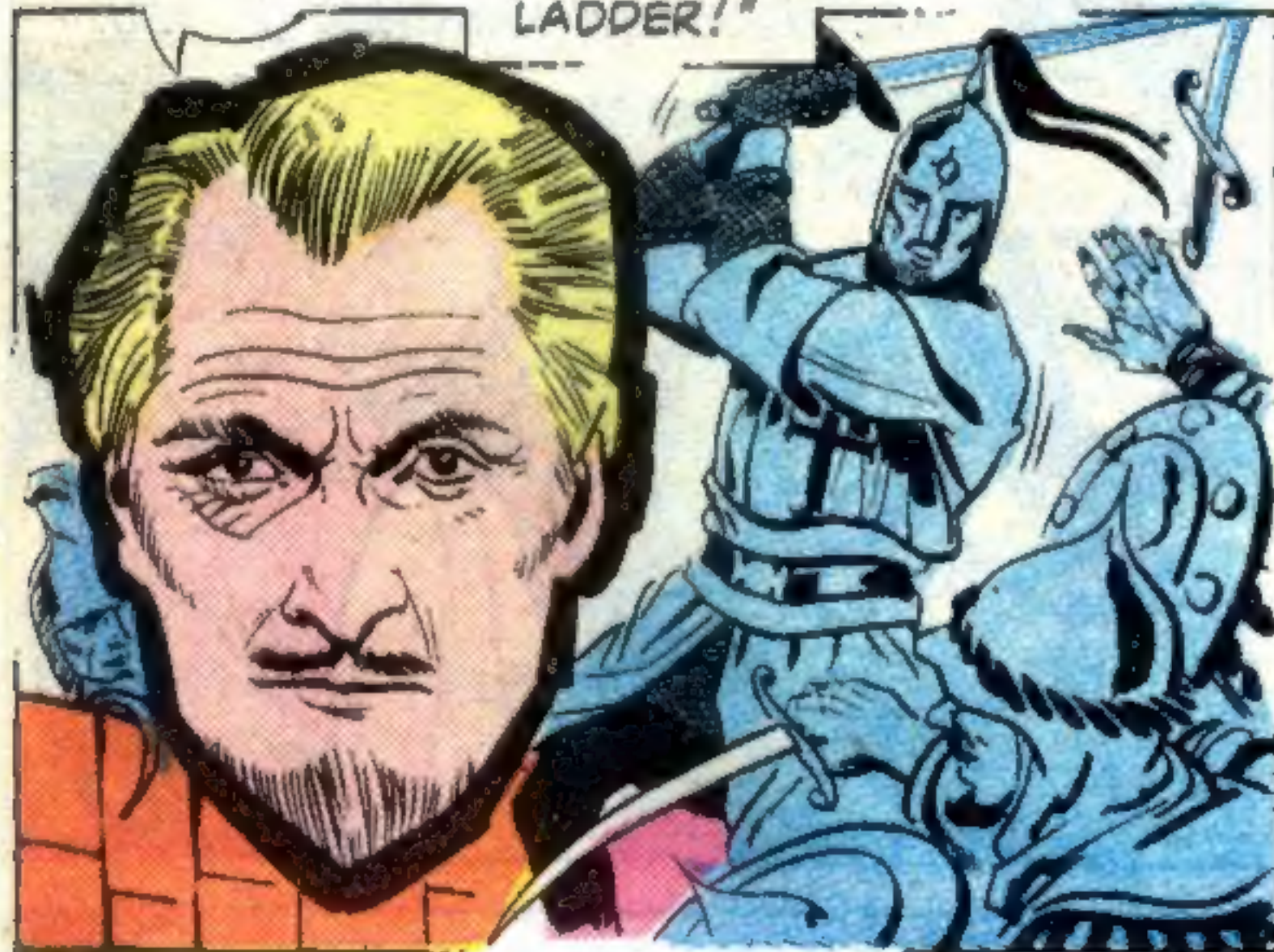


YOUR COUSIN, ROBERT MURDACH, HAS FAILED ME... BUT MEN CALL YOU OLD IRONHEART—NO ONE HAS EVER BEATEN YOU IN BATTLE.

THAT IS SO, SIRE!



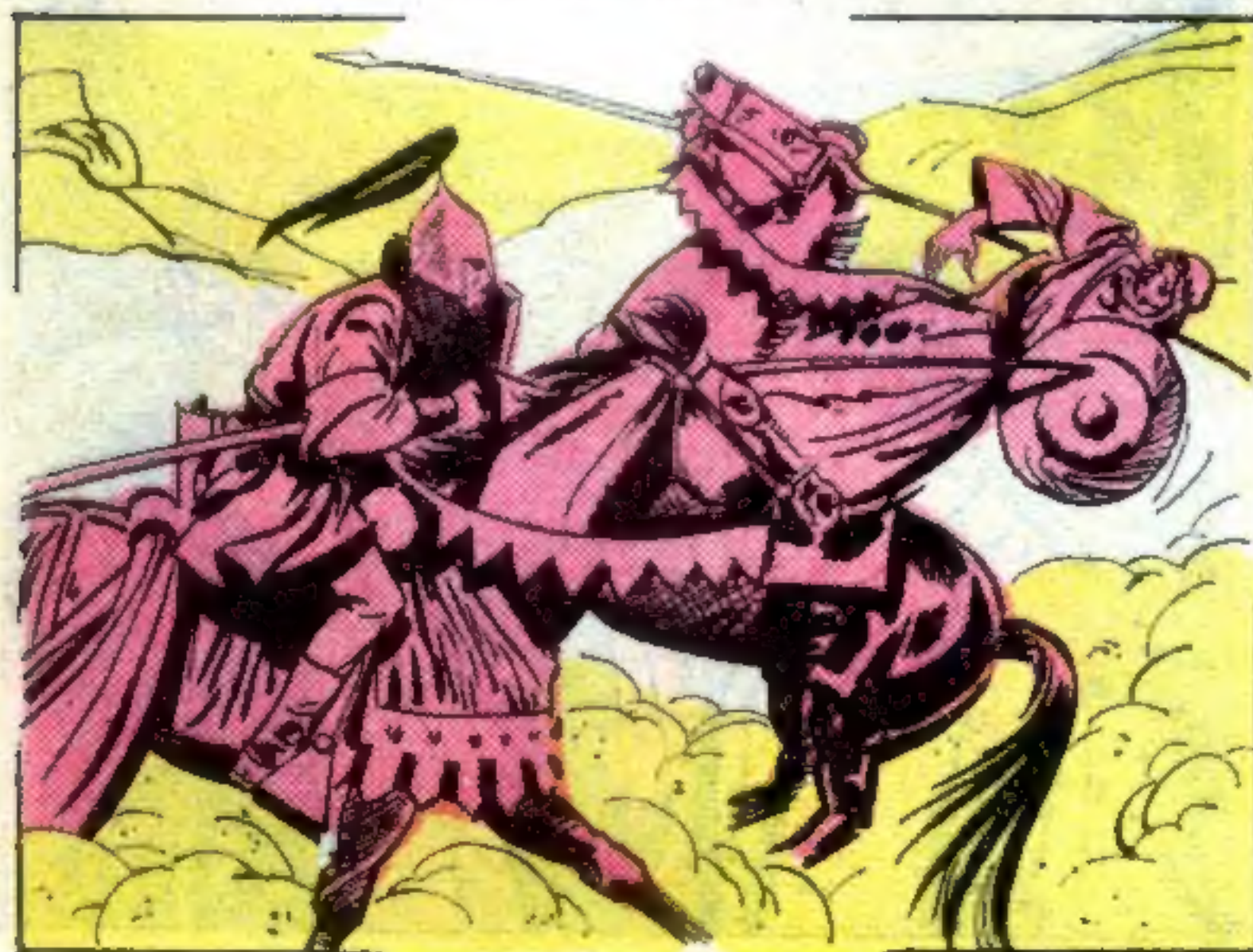
"I SCALED THE WALLS OF ACRE ON A BATTLE LADDER!"



"ALONE I HELD THE FORD AT THE RIVER ORONTES AGAINST SALADIN'S BEST TROOPS!"



"MY LANCE CHARGE WON THE DAY AT ACRE!"



YOU'RE MY MAN! I APPOINT YOU SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. YOUR DUTY—TO CAPTURE ROBIN HOOD!



THE "SHERIFF" OF ROBIN HOOD'S DAY WAS NOT LIKE THE WESTERN SHERIFF. HE WAS AN APPOINTED OFFICIAL, ALMOST LIKE A MAYOR.

A WEEK LATER, PUBLIC CRIERS WALK THE COBBLED STREETS OF NOTTINGHAM...



HEAR YE! A VALUABLE SUIT OF ARMOR AND A WAR HORSE WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WINNER OF THE TOURNEY! HEAR YE...!

SOME OF THEM EVEN COME (ON SPECIAL INVITATION) TO SHERWOOD FOREST...

THE T. TOURNEY IS T-TO CELEBRATE SIR ROBERT MURDACH BEING S-SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM!

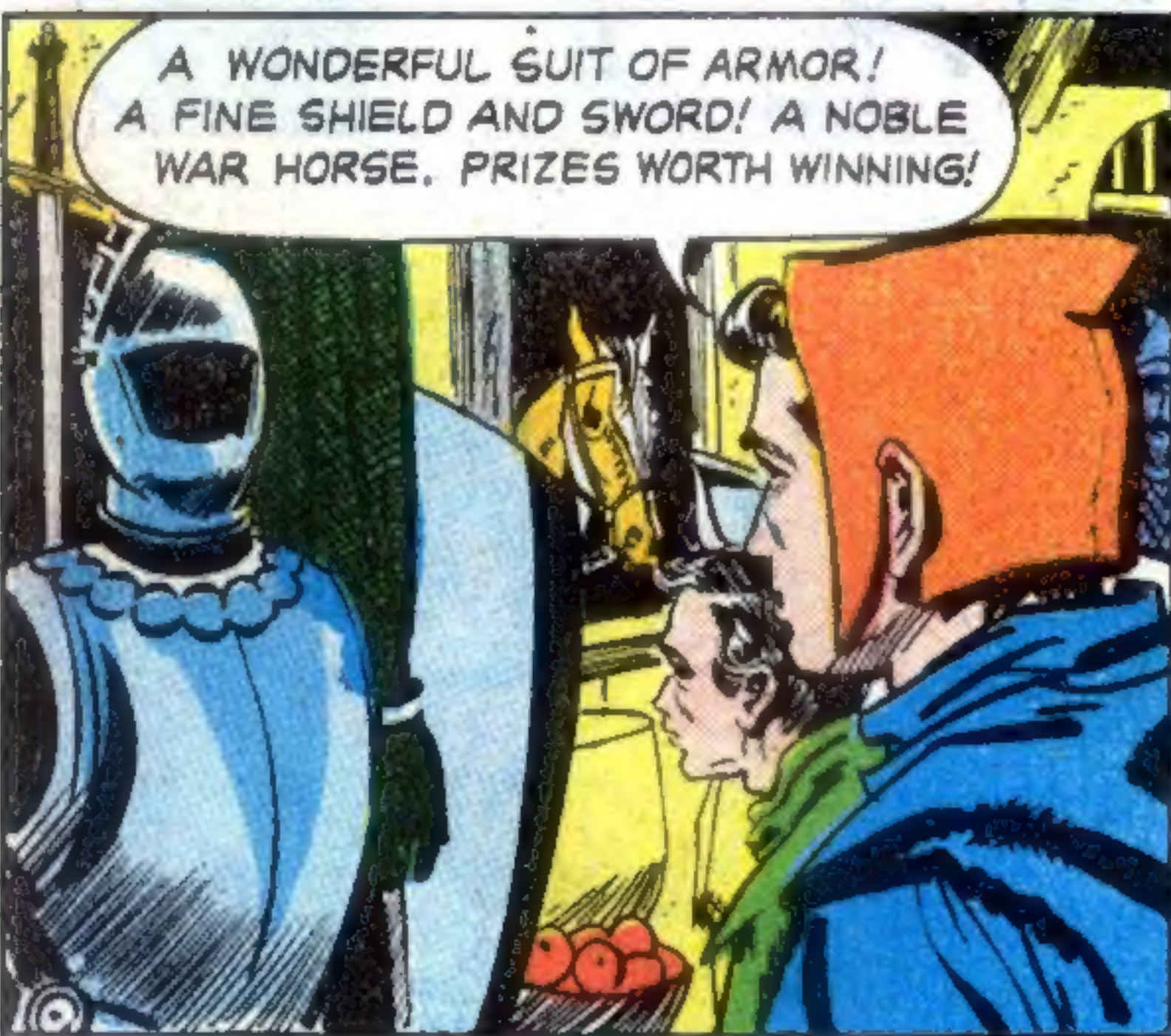


INTRIGUED, ROBIN HOOD, DRESSED AS A RAGGED BEGGAR, TRAVELS TO SEE THE PRIZES...



ALMS, GREAT LORD!

BE OFF WITH YOU, BEGGAR!



A WONDERFUL SUIT OF ARMOR! A FINE SHIELD AND SWORD! A NOBLE WAR HORSE. PRIZES WORTH WINNING!

THAT NIGHT, OVER ROAST DEER IN SHERWOOD FOREST...



I'LL ENTER THE TOURNEY IT MAY BE IN MY OLD ARMOR OF SIR ROBERT OF HUNTINGDON, WITH ALL HERALDRY REMOVED. A TRAP TO CATCH YOU!



IT'S MY WAY OF GREETING THE NEW SHERIFF. WAIT UNTIL HE LEARNS WHO WON HIS TOURNEY. HA! HA! HA!

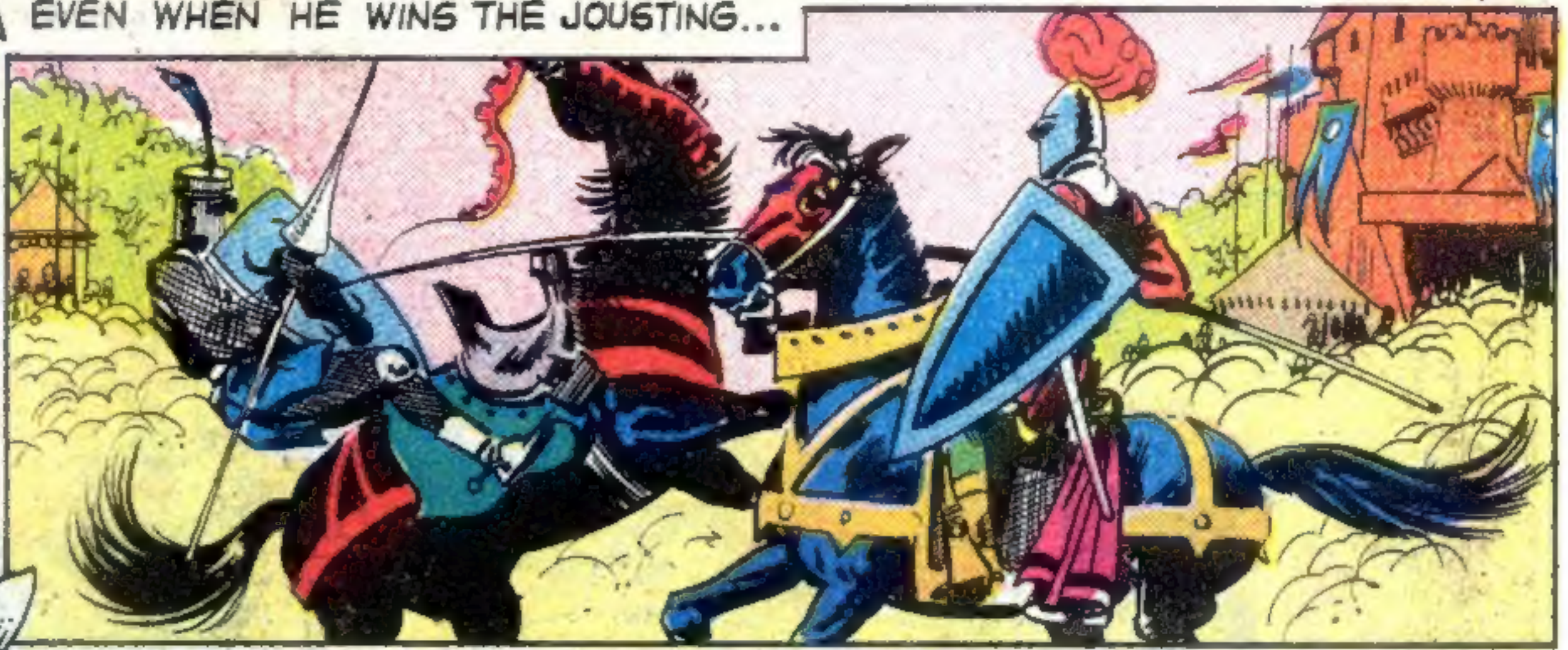
MAID MARIAN IS RIGHT, ROBIN!



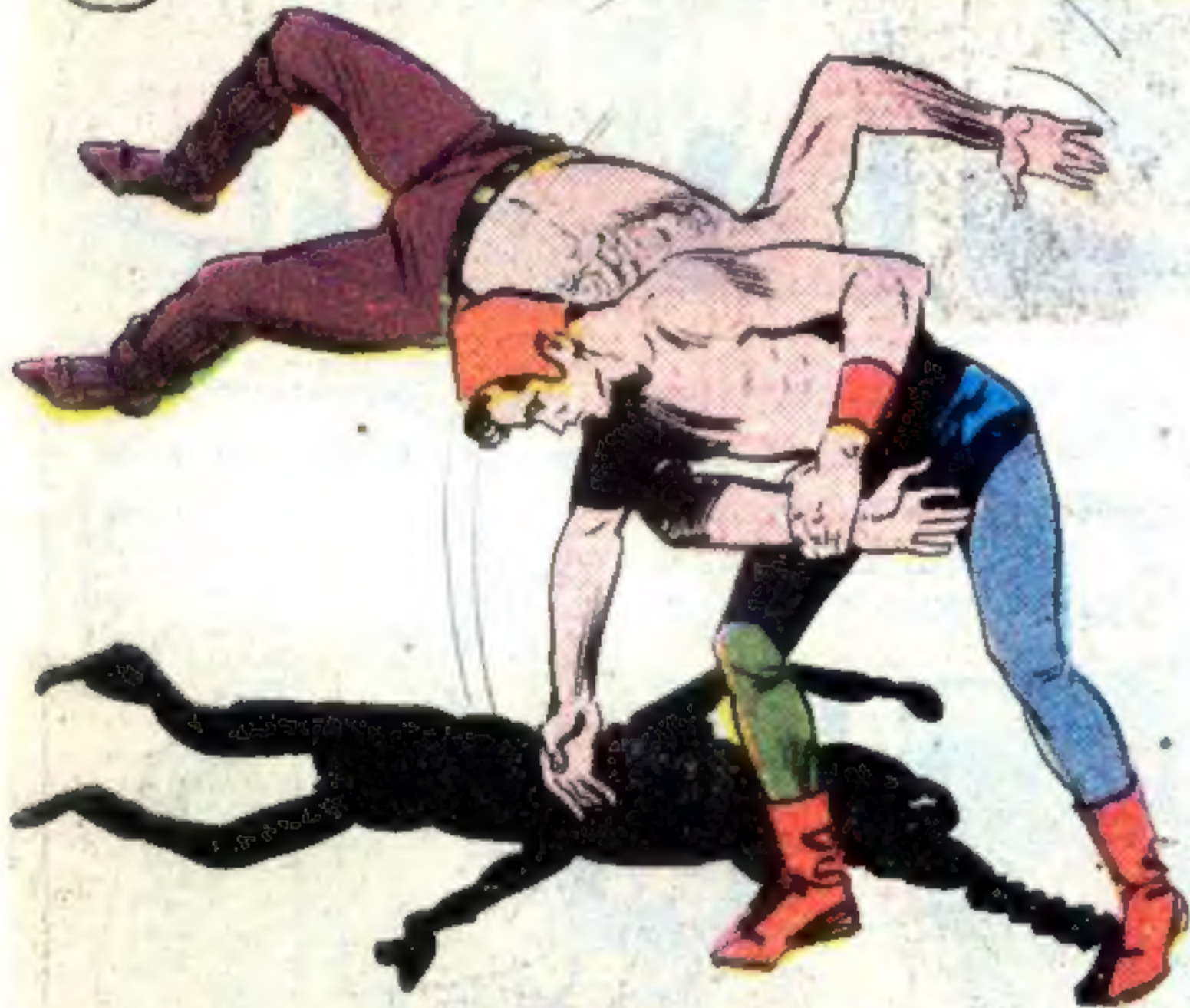
OF COURSE SHE'S RIGHT. NOW, LISTEN WELL, GOOD LITTLE JOHN—THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...!

NO ONE PAYS MUCH ATTENTION TO THE MAN IN PLAIN SHIELD AND ARMOR, EVEN WHEN HE WINS THE JOUSTING...

THE DAY OF THE TOURNEY DAWNS BRIGHT AND SUNNY. FROM FEN AND MOOR, FOREST AND PLAIN COME KNIGHTS AND MEN-AT-ARMS, ARCHERS, EVEN ESCAPED CRIMINALS, RISKING EVERYTHING FOR A CHANCE AT THE FABULOUS PRIZES...



WHEN THIS SAME MAN WINS THE WRESTLING EVENT, MEN BEGIN TO NUDGE ONE ANOTHER...



THE WINNER—STRONG ROB OF LINCOLN!

HE MAY BE THE MAN WE SEEK, SIRE!



IN QUARTERSTAFF SKILL—

IN SWORDPLAY AND SHIELD—WORK—

IN HORSEMANSHIP, TOO, STRONG ROB OF LINCOLN LEADS THE FIELD...



AT THE ARCHERY BUTTS, HIS SKILL MAKES MEN OPEN WIDE THEIR EYES! NEVER HAS SUCH SHOOTING BEEN SEEN!



STRONG ROB MADE ALL THREE OF THOSE SHOTS!

NO ONE COMES CLOSE TO HIM!

STRONG ROB HIT THE BALL TWICE WHILE IT WAS IN MIDAIR. NOT EVEN ROBIN HOOD IS BETTER THAN THIS!



OF COURSE NOT, YOU FOOL! STRONG ROB IS ROBIN HOOD!

THE PRIZES ARE AWARDED BY THE NEW SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM...



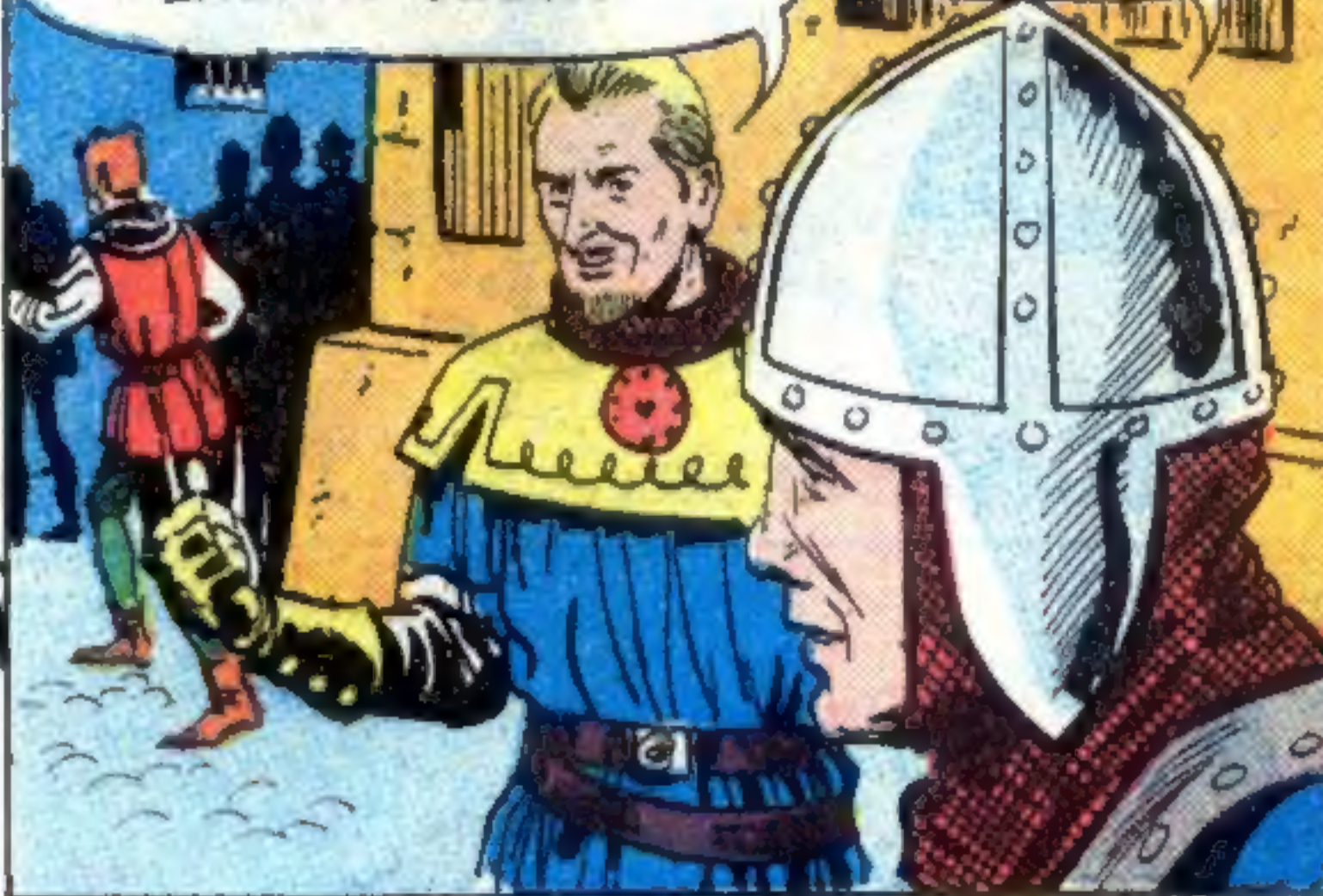
MY CONGRATULATIONS, ROB.

THANK YOU, MILORD. I'LL TAKE MY PRIZES AND LEAVE!

NOT SO! YOU WILL REMAIN AS MY GUEST. I'VE ORDERED A GREAT FEAST TO CELEBRATE MY BEING NAMED SHERIFF. YOU, TOO, SHALL BE A GUEST OF HONOR AT IT!

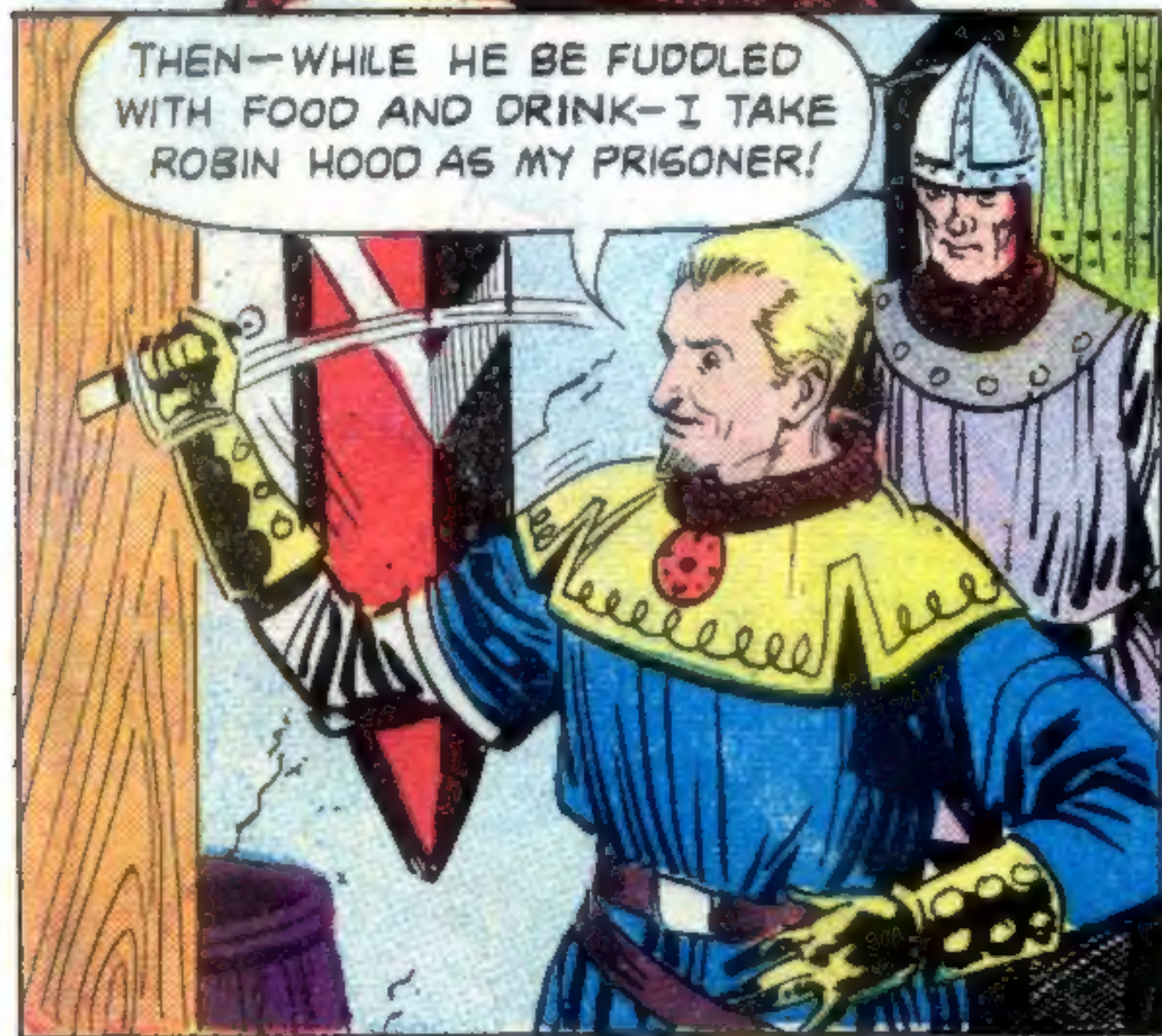


LEST ROBIN HOOD MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT HIS MERRY MEN IN AS CONTESTANTS—MAKE SURE EVERY STRANGER IS OUT OF THE PALACE WHEN THE FEASTING BEGINS!



AYE, MILORD!

THEN—WHILE HE BE FUDDLED WITH FOOD AND DRINK—I TAKE ROBIN HOOD AS MY PRISONER!



THAT NIGHT, THE FEAST BEGINS...



TRY THIS CORN, GOOD ROB. I ORDERED IT TO BE BROUGHT TO THE PALACE THIS VERY EVENING, TO MAKE SURE IT WAS FRESH!

LORD, THE GATES
HAVE BEEN CLOSED.
NO ONE CAN GET IN!

GOOD! THE
FEAST IS
AT AN END!

THE FARCE IS OVER, ROBIN
HOOD! KNOW THAT THE
TOURNEY WAS BUT A RUSE
TO GET YOU TO COME HERE.
WHOEVER WON WOULD PROVE
HIMSELF TO BE YOU! I
ARREST YOU IN THE
NAME OF —

MAID MARIAN WARNED
ME I RODE INTO A TRAP...!

GLAWWBBFF!

...I DID NOT
HEED HER ADVICE,
HOWEVER!

AWWK!

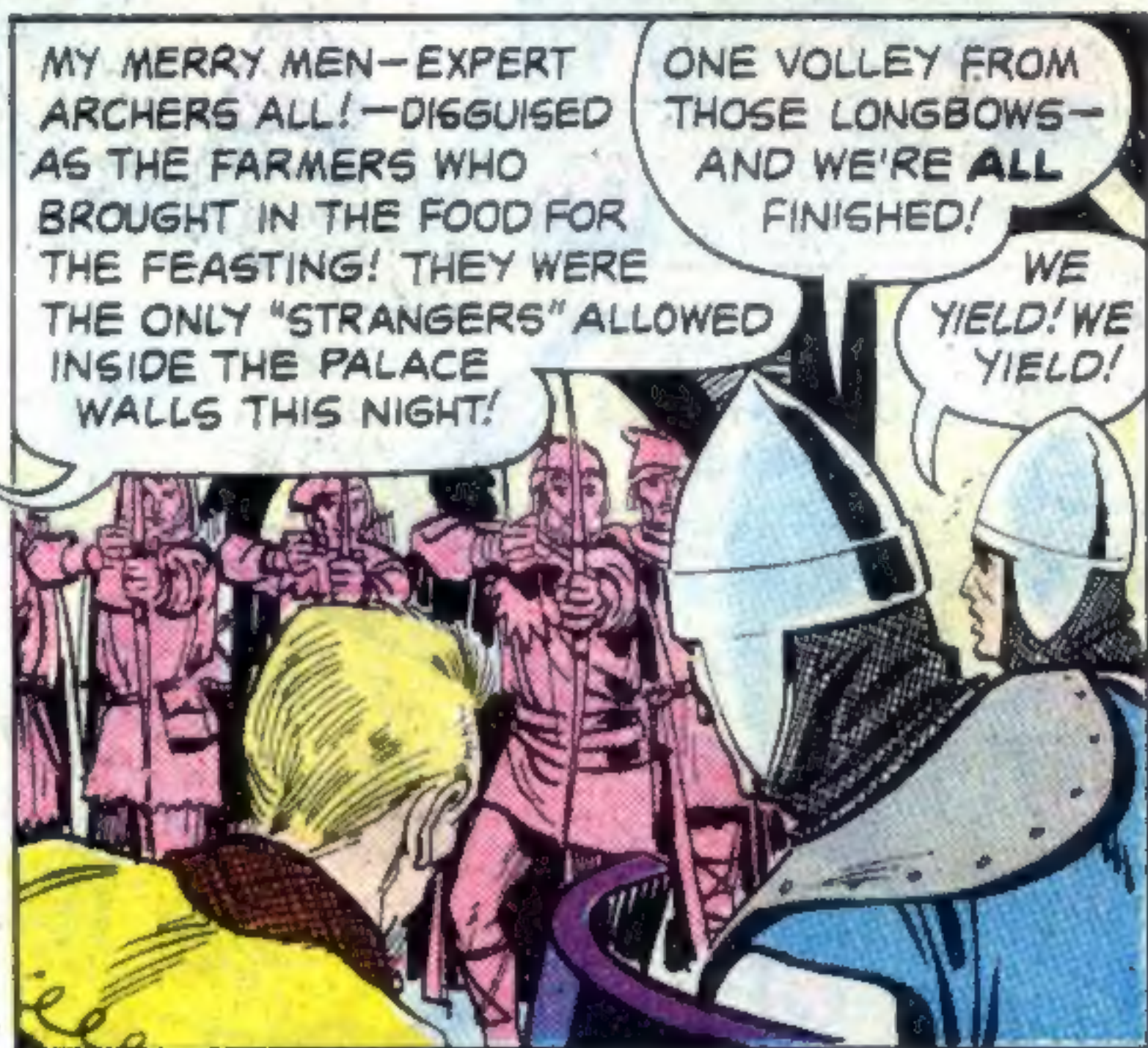
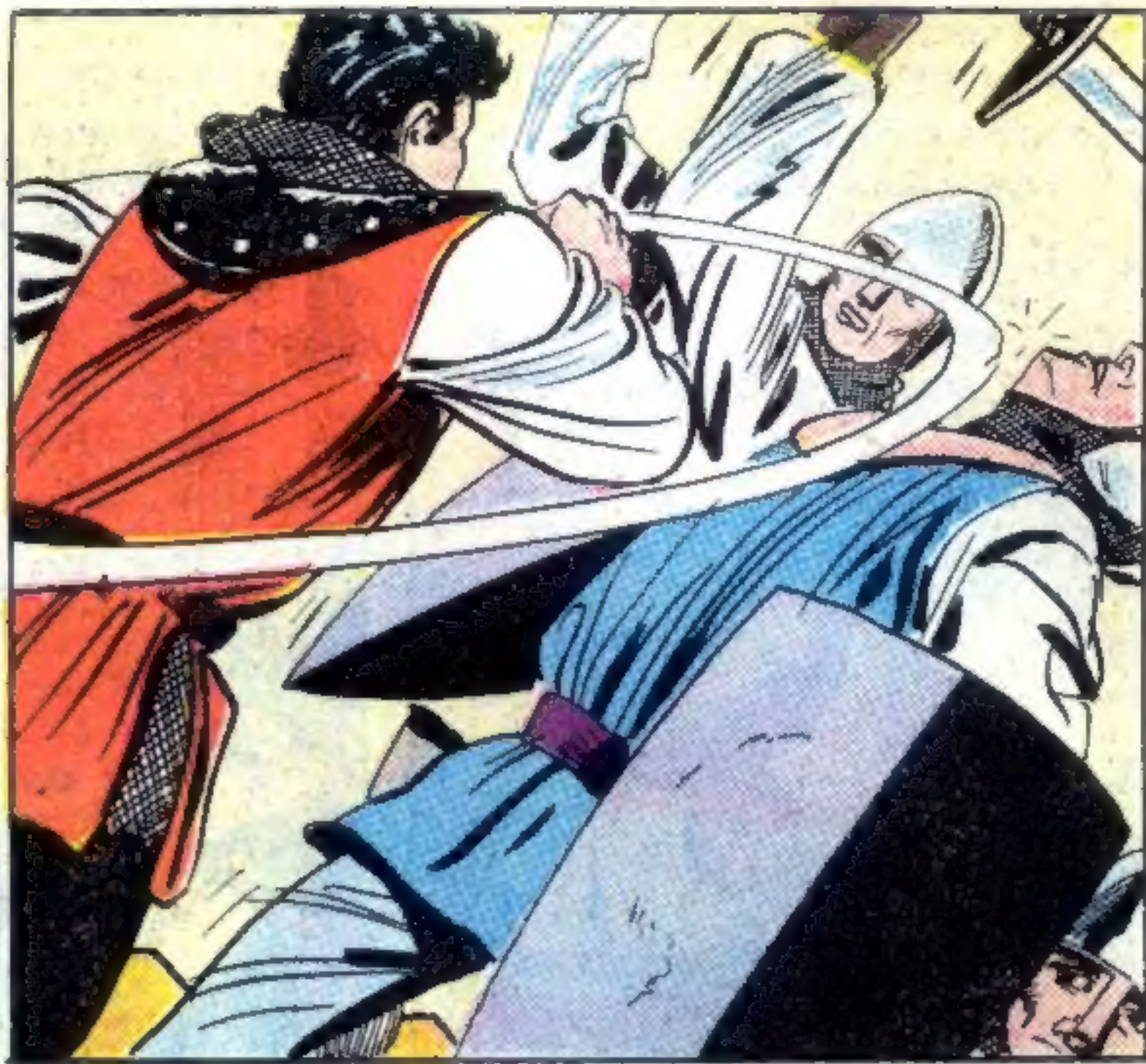
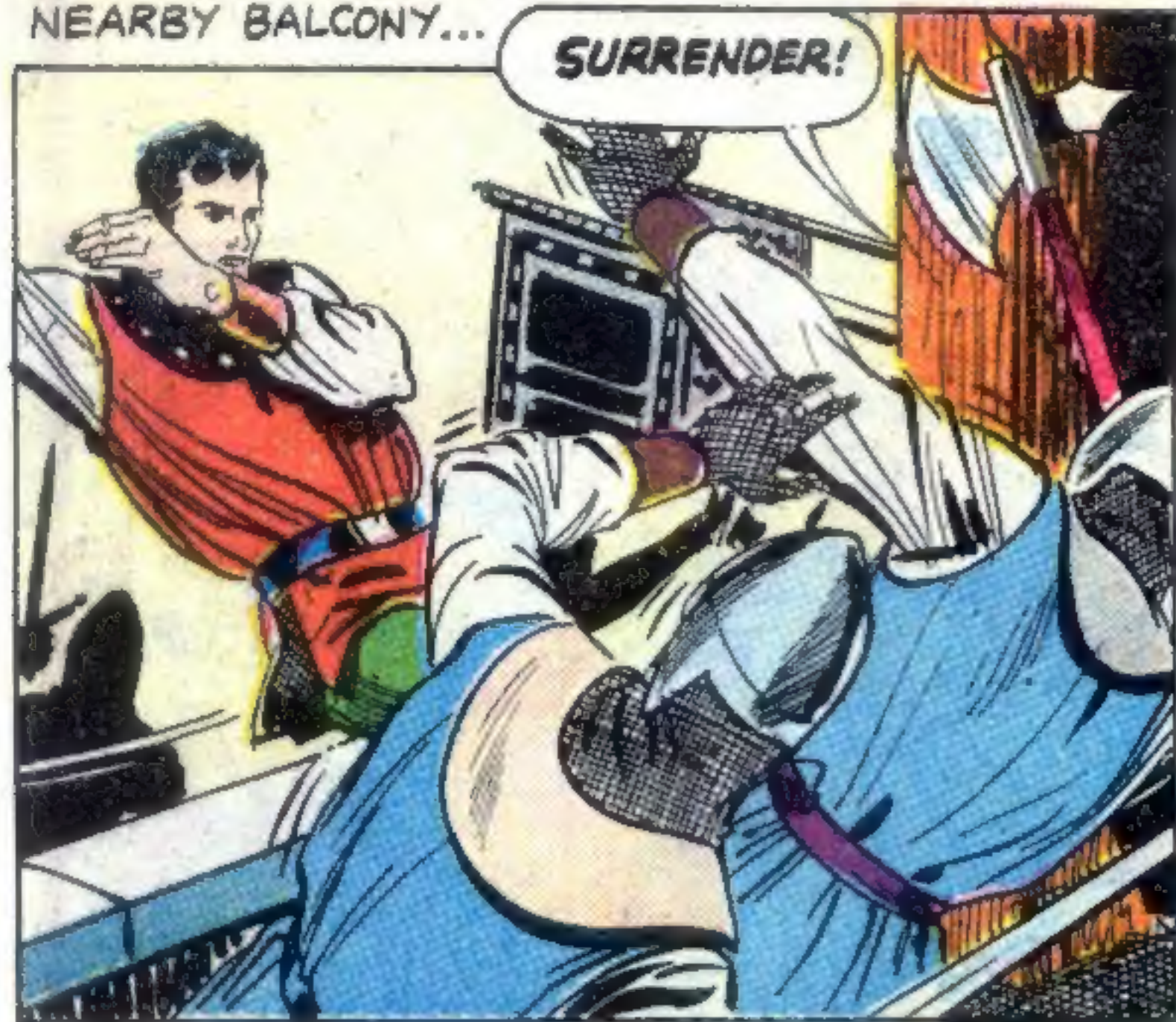
WE HAVE HIM,
SIR ROBERT!

AYE! HE CANNOT
GET AWAY!

UNFORTUNATELY, SIR ROBERT—
TRAPS SOMETIMES FAIL TO SNAP
SHUT ON THEIR VICTIMS!

I MUST PLAY
FOR TIME HERE...

UPWARD SOARS THE MASTER ARCHER, TO A NEARBY BALCONY...



AS IF TO DO HONOR TO THE TOURNEY WINNER, SIR ROBERT RIDES WITH HIM A LITTLE WAY...



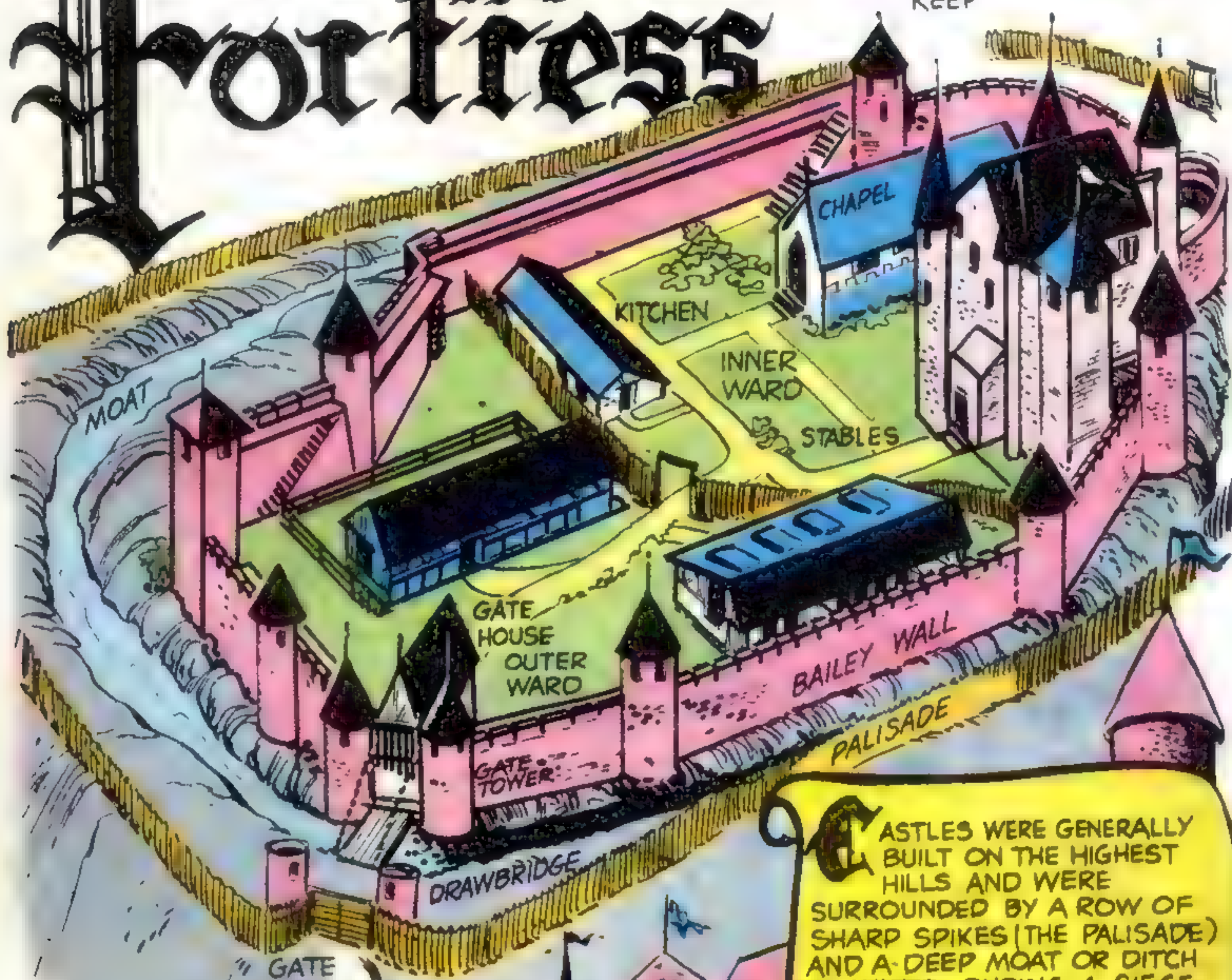
LATER...



the layout of a Fortress

DUNJON
OR
KEEP

POSTERN
GATE



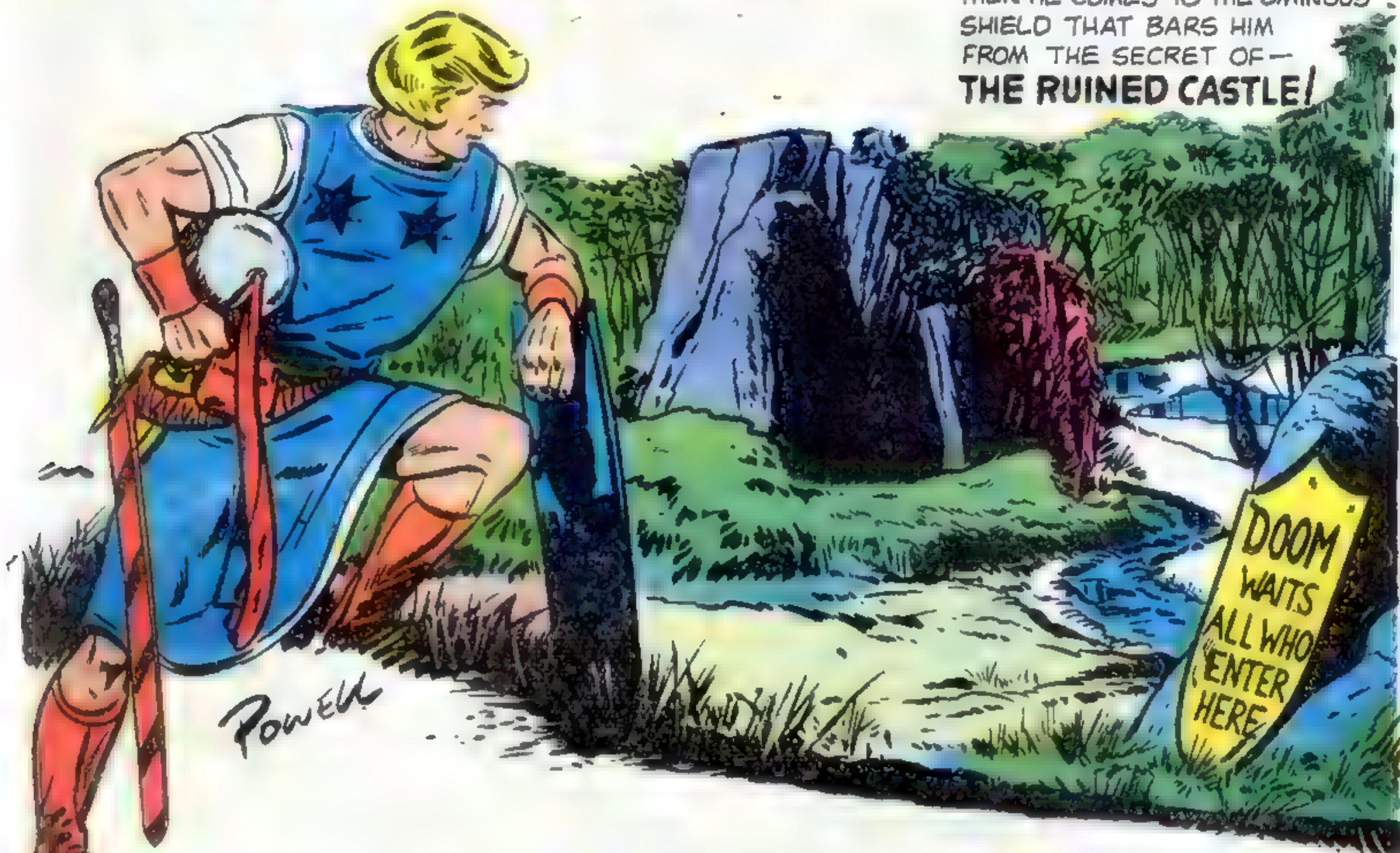
CASTLES WERE GENERALLY BUILT ON THE HIGHEST HILLS AND WERE SURROUNDED BY A ROW OF SHARP SPIKES (THE PALISADE) AND A DEEP MOAT OR DITCH OF WATER. DURING A SIEGE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE WOULD TAKE REFUGE IN THE OUTER WARD, WHILE THE LORD AND HIS FAMILY DWELT IN THE DUNJON IN THE INNER WARD. THESE STRONGHOLDS WERE IMPREGNABLE THAT SIEGES SOMETIMES LASTED FOR YEARS.



SIR GALANT

of the Round Table

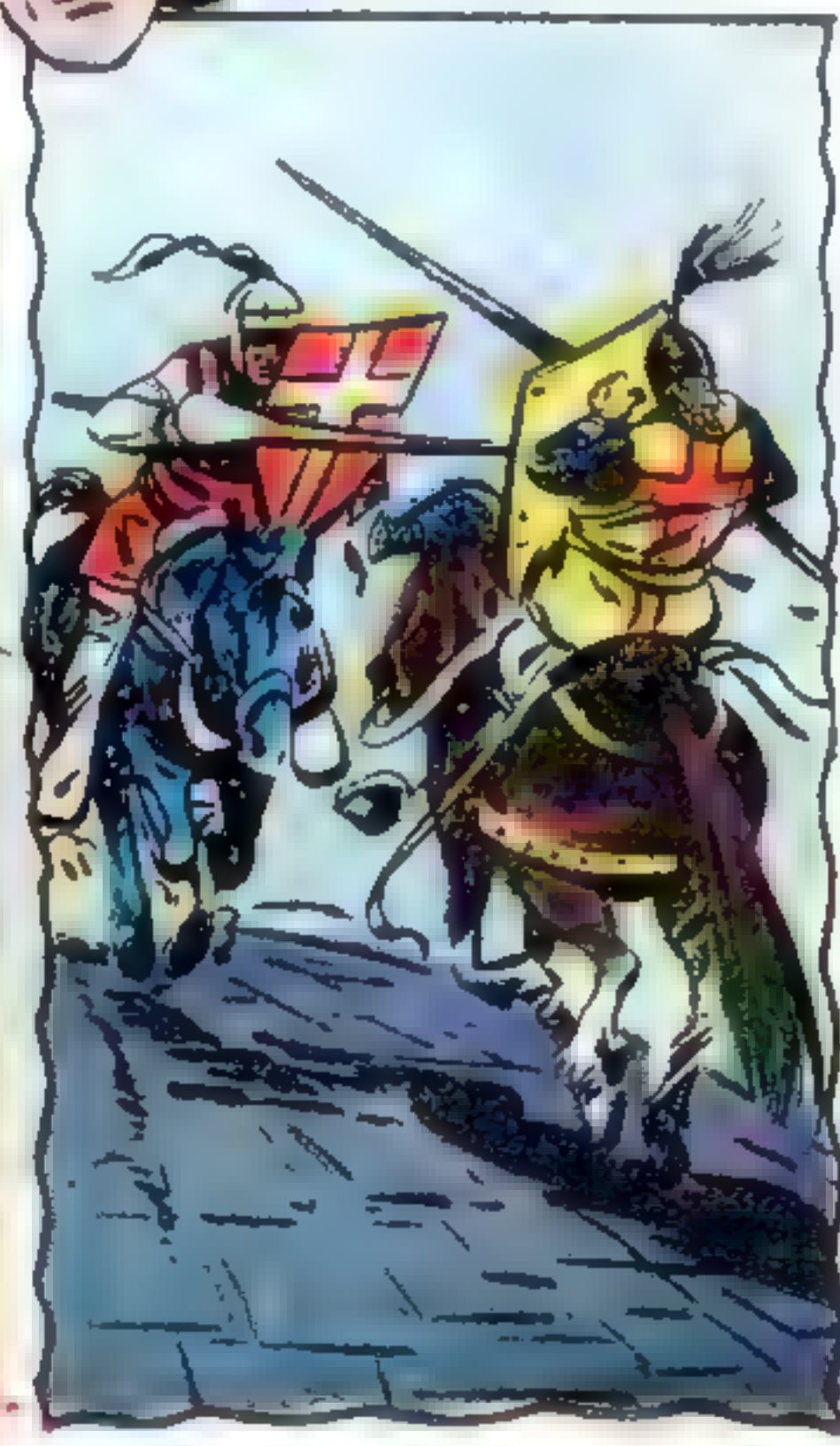
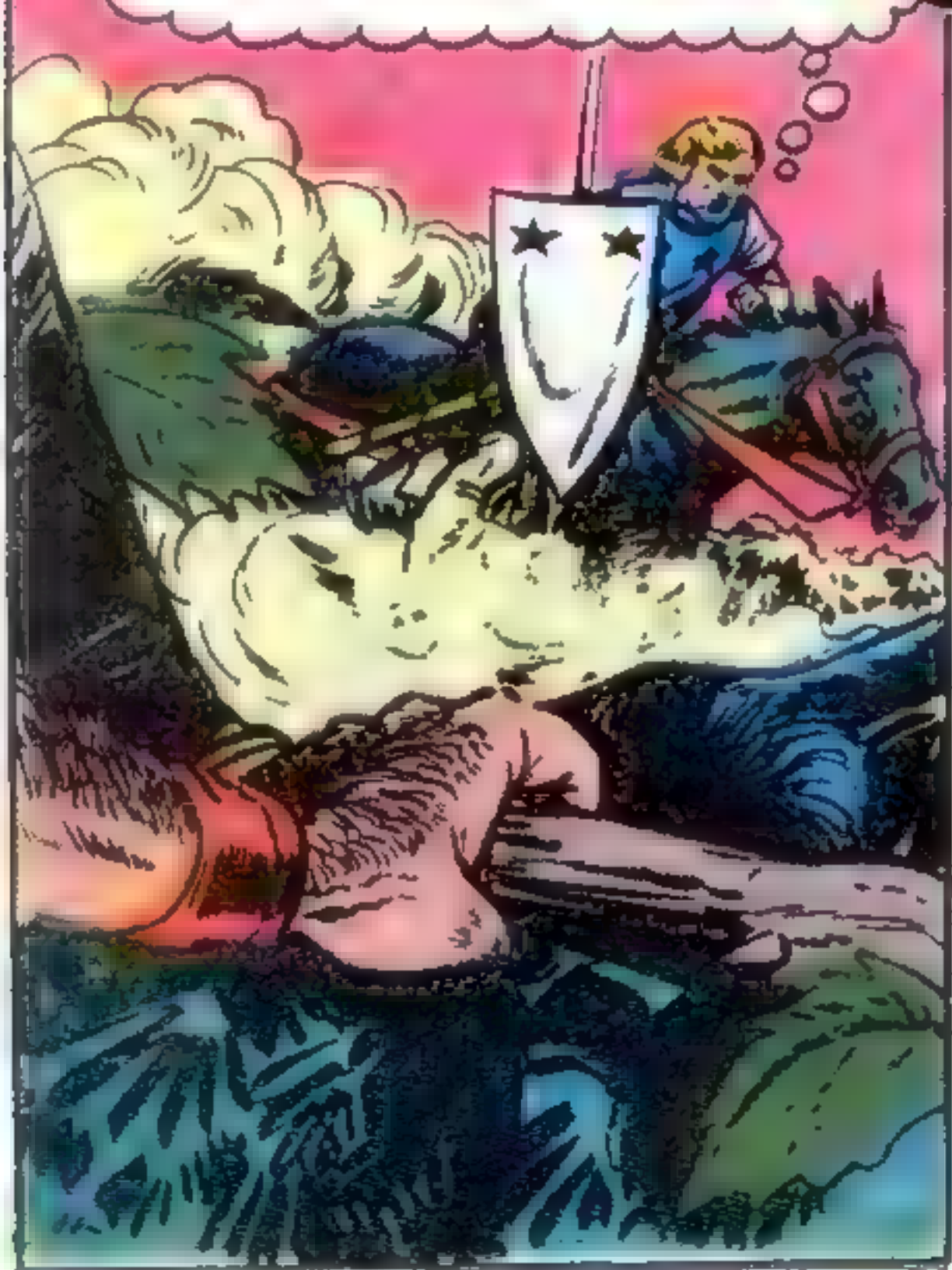
THE ROAD TO HIGH ADVENTURE EVER BECKONS THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. DURING THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS THEY SIT ABOUT THE HEARTH FIRES, RETELLING THEIR TALES OF DERRING-DO, OF FAIR DAMSELS RESCUED, OF EVIL KNIGHTS OVERCOME... BUT SIR GALANT— WHILE SEEKING JUST SUCH ADVENTURE— MEETS ONLY DISAPPOINTMENT AND FAILURE! THEN HE COMES TO THE OMINOUS SHIELD THAT BARS HIM FROM THE SECRET OF—
THE RUINED CASTLE!



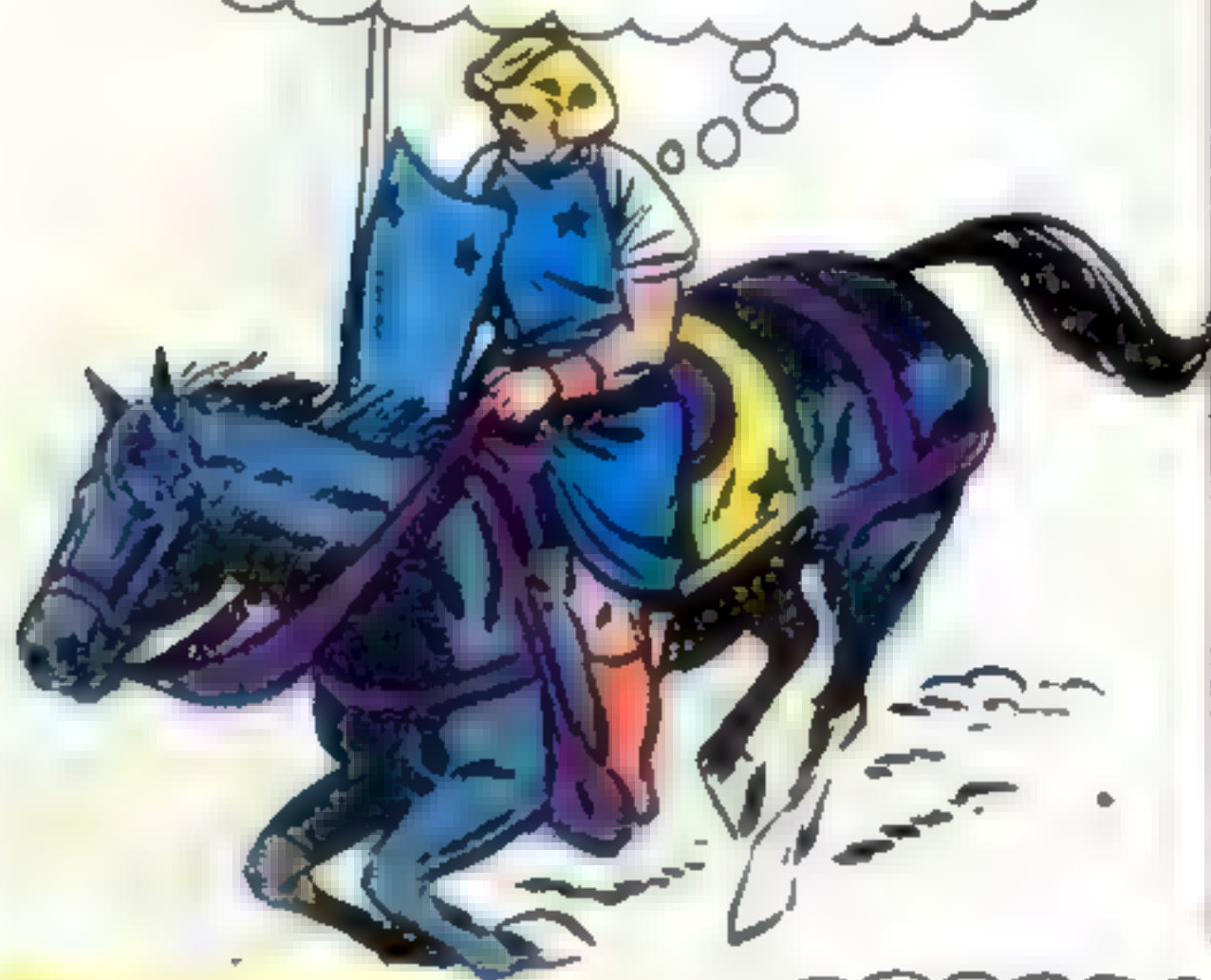
I MUST DARE THE DOOM OF THIS ROAD—IN THE HOPE IT WILL LEAD TO AN ADVENTURE!

"EVEN NOW, SIR LANCELOT IS PROBABLY RESCUING SOME FAIR MAIDEN—"

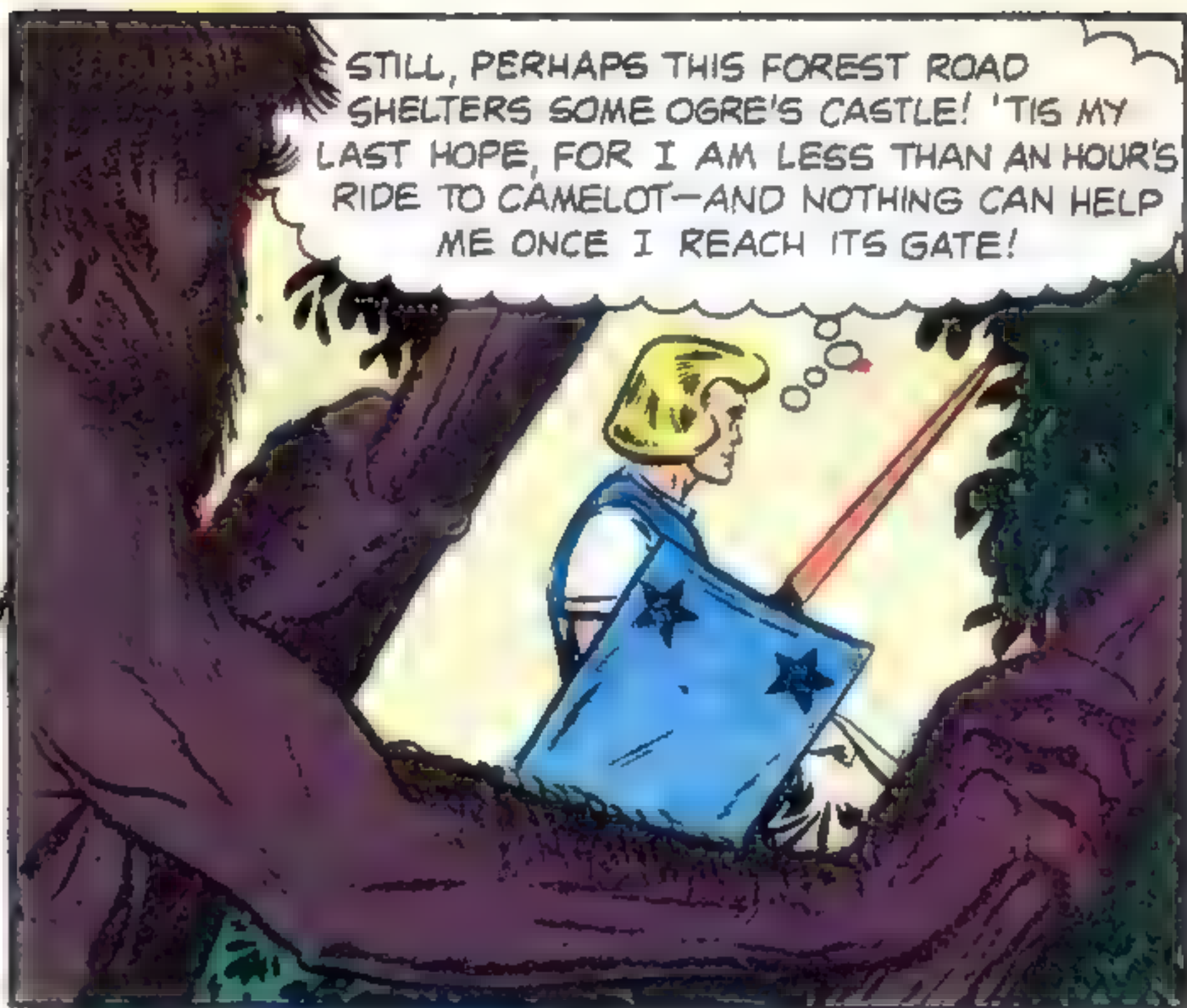
"...AND SIR GAWAINE OVERCOMING AN EVIL KNIGHT!"



ALL I'LL HAVE TO TELL ABOUT IS **FAILURE!** NOT A SINGLE ADVENTURE! NOTHING HAPPENS TO **ME!** EVERYONE WILL LAUGH WHEN I COME TO CAMELOT WITHOUT HAVING RESCUED ANYONE AT ALL!

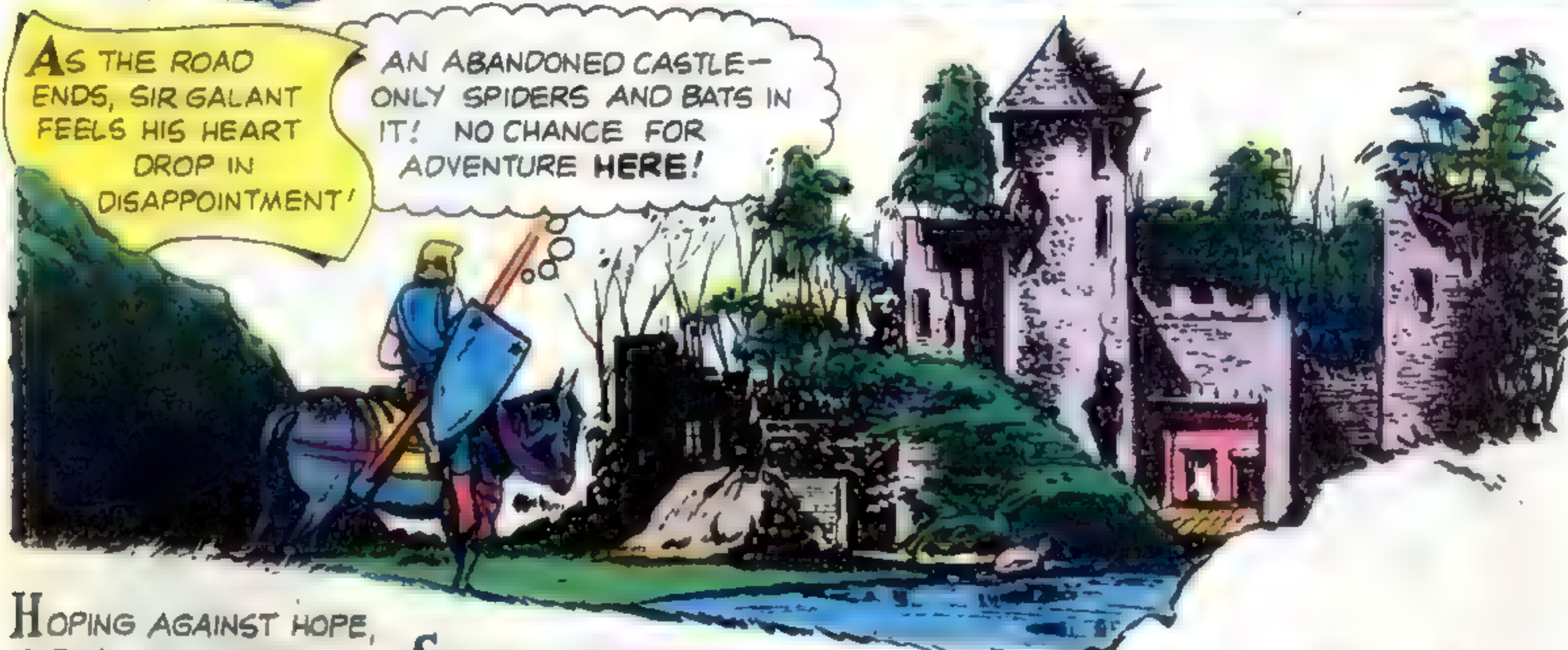


STILL, PERHAPS THIS FOREST ROAD SHELTERS SOME OGRE'S CASTLE! 'TIS MY LAST HOPE, FOR I AM LESS THAN AN HOUR'S RIDE TO CAMELOT—AND NOTHING CAN HELP ME ONCE I REACH ITS GATE!



AS THE ROAD ENDS, SIR GALANT FEELS HIS HEART DROP IN DISAPPOINTMENT!

AN ABANDONED CASTLE—ONLY SPIDERS AND BATS IN IT! NO CHANCE FOR ADVENTURE **HERE!**



HOPING AGAINST HOPE, THE YOUNG KNIGHT UNSHEATHES HIS SWORD AND GOES EXPLORING...

SUDDENLY THE SMELL OF NEWLY COOKED FOOD REACHES HIS NOSTRILS...

SEATING HIMSELF, HE REACHES FOR A KNIFE WHEN—

ABRUPTLY HE THRUSTS HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE TABLE..

NOTHING AT ALL! WHO-EVER WROTE THOSE WORDS ON THAT SHIELD—WROTE A LIE!



PERHAPS SOME HERMIT LIVES HERE, UNDER A VOW TO SEE NO ONE, AND LEFT THIS MEAL FOR ME. HAPPILY!—I'M HUNGRY AS A BEAR!



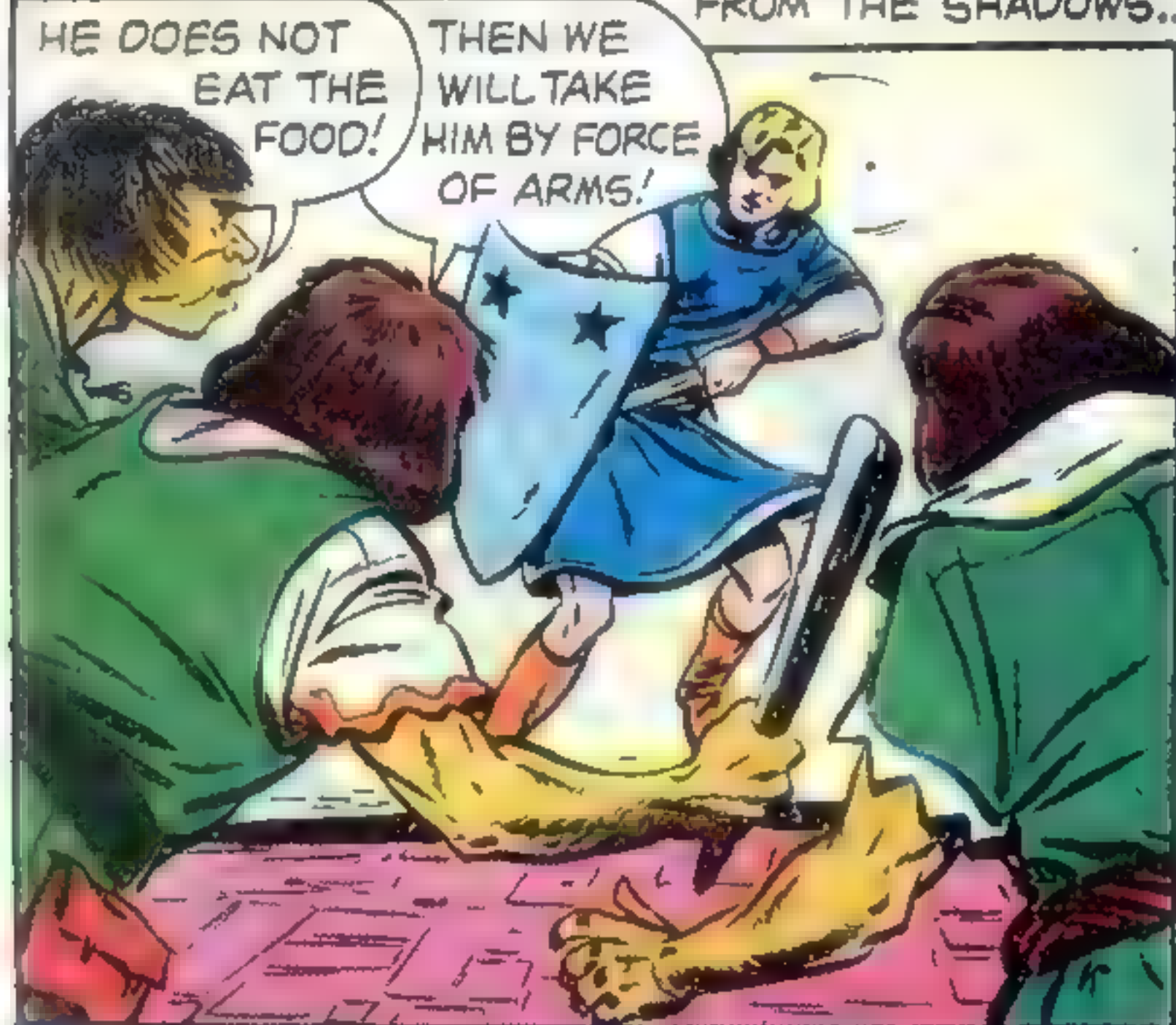
'TIS WITCHERY I SEE!



I MUST NOT EAT THAT FOOD—OR THE DOOM OF THE SHIELD WOULD SURELY COME TO ME!



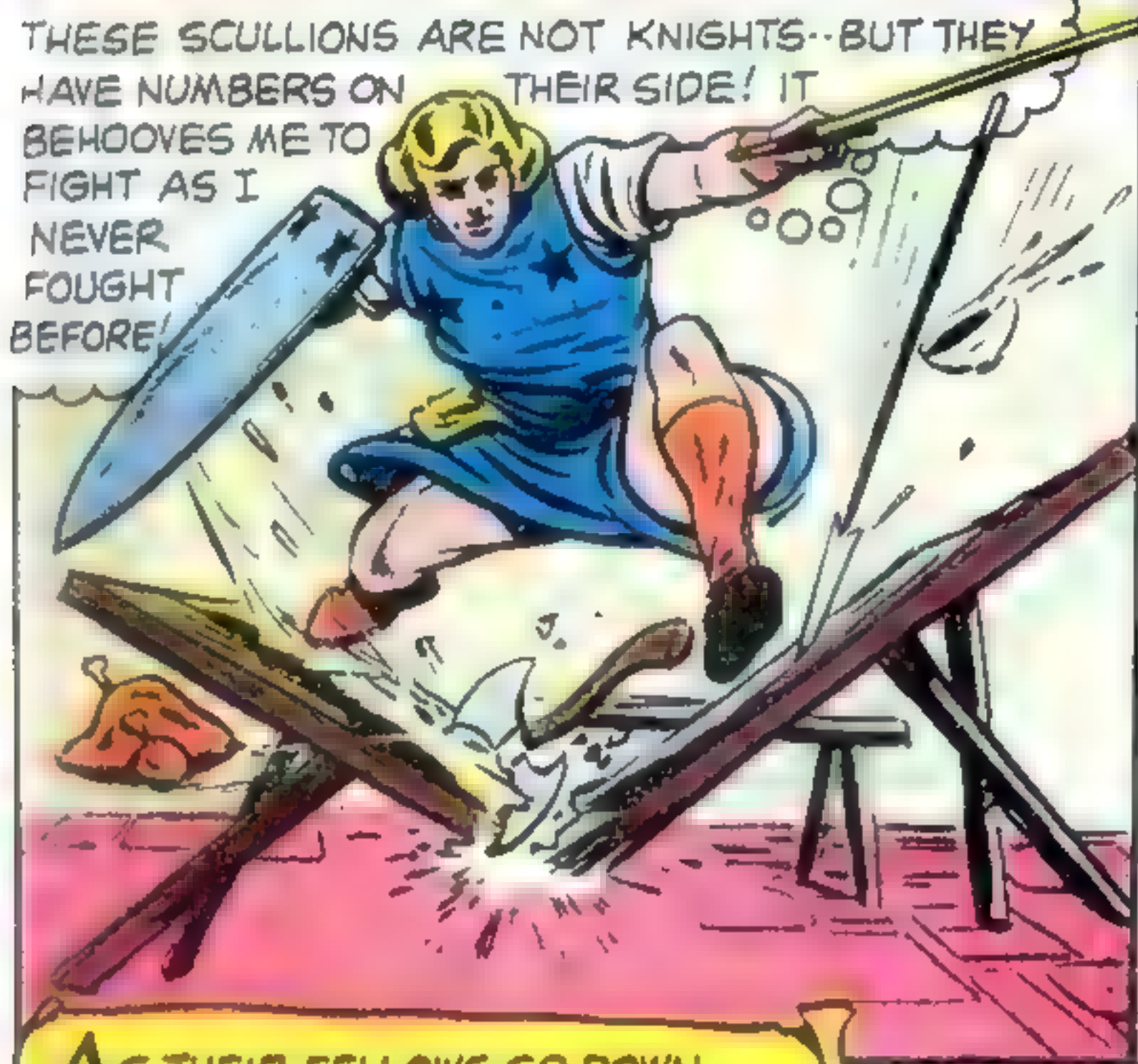
AS IF HIS WORDS ARE A SIGNAL, RAGGED OUTLAWS RUSH FROM THE SHADOWS...



FOUL VARLATS! SO THE DOOM THE SHIELD SPEAKS OF IS TO FALL VICTIM TO YOU CLAPPER-CLAWS, IS IT?



THESE SCULLIONS ARE NOT KNIGHTS--BUT THEY HAVE NUMBERS ON THEIR SIDE! IT BEHOOVES ME TO FIGHT AS I NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE!



AS THEIR FELLOWS GO DOWN BEFORE THE FLASHING SWORD OF THE YOUNG KNIGHT, THE REST OF THE OUTLAWS TAKE TO THEIR HEELS!

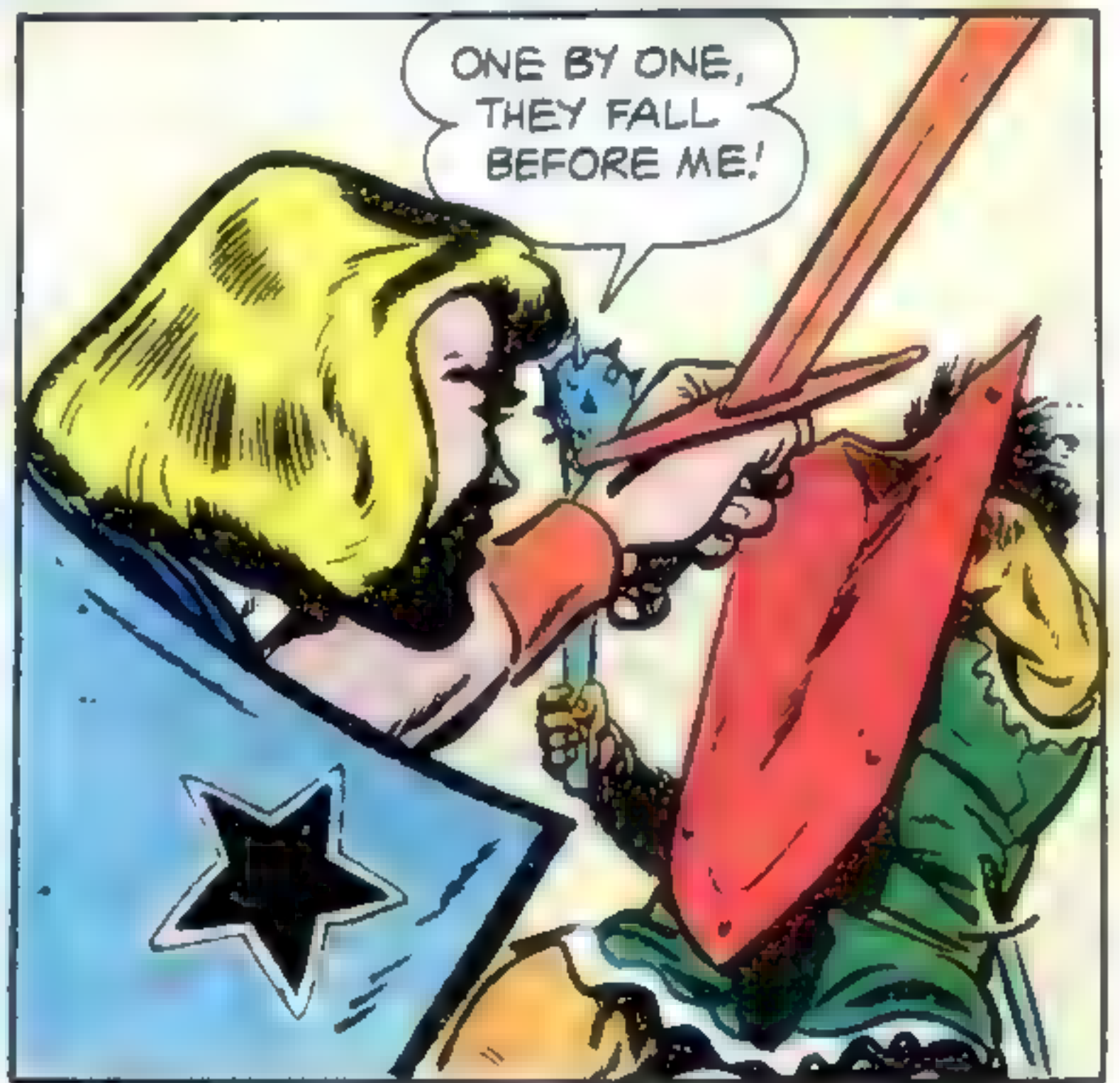
A FINE ADVENTURE! DEFEATING A HANDFUL OF SCURVY ROGUES!



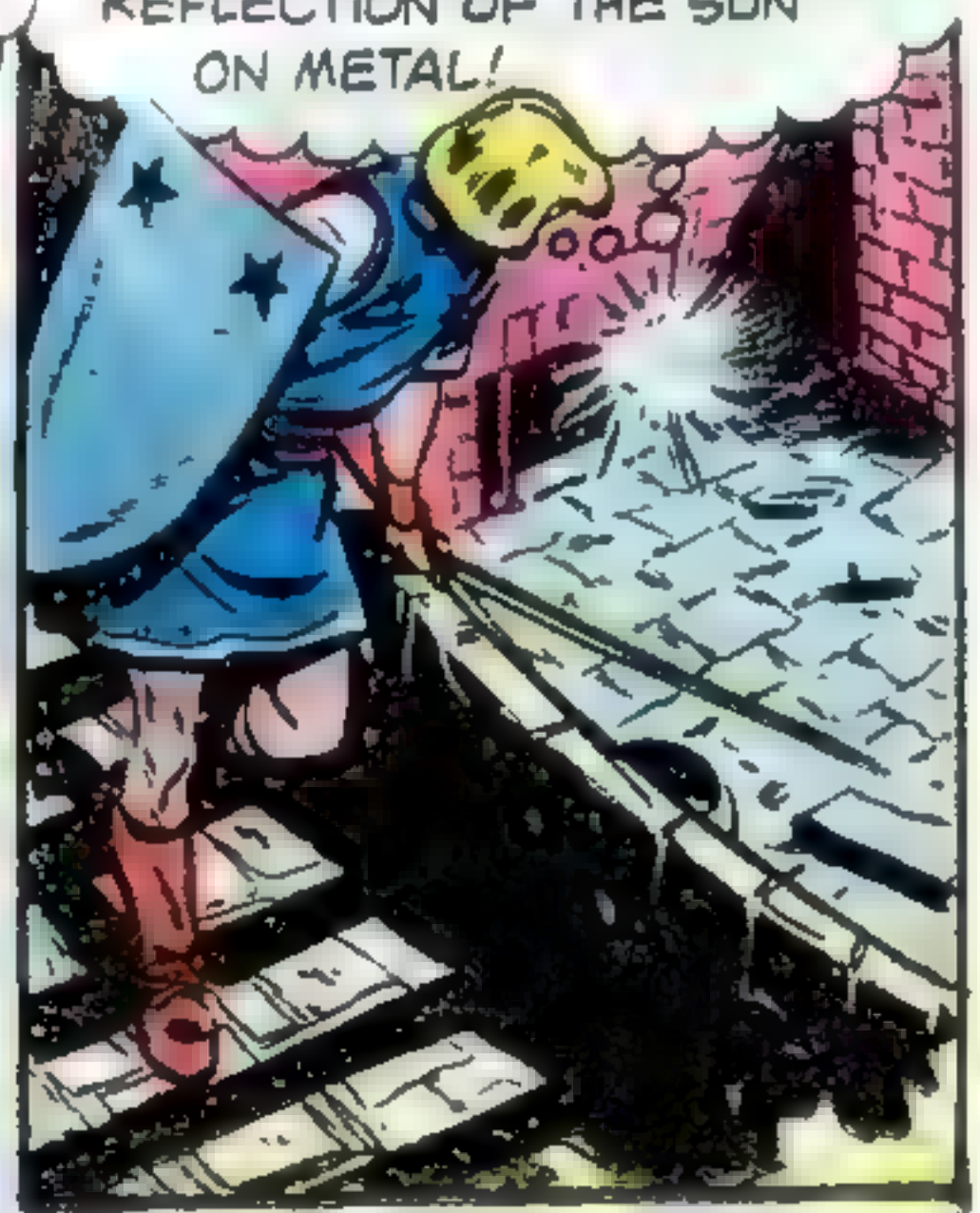
I AM ALMOST ASHAMED TO RIDE TO CAMELOT. SIR LANCELOT WILL HAVE SOME HIGH DEED OF ADVENTURE TO RELATE AS WILL SIR GAWAINE!



ONE BY ONE, THEY FALL BEFORE ME!



WHILE I HAVE NOTHING TO TELL EXCEPT HOW I CHASED A FEW SORRY ROGUES! BUT HOLD--A BRIGHT LIGHT COMES FROM THAT WINDOW! 'TIS THE REFLECTION OF THE SUN ON METAL!





SOMEONE IS SIGNALLING TO ME! PERCHANCE THERE IS ADVENTURE TO BE FOUND HERE, AFTER ALL!

RACING INTO THE RUINS, SIR GALANT COMES AT LAST TO THE DARK DUNGEONS, WHERE RAGGED MEN CALL HIS NAME!



RESCUE US, SIR GALANT!

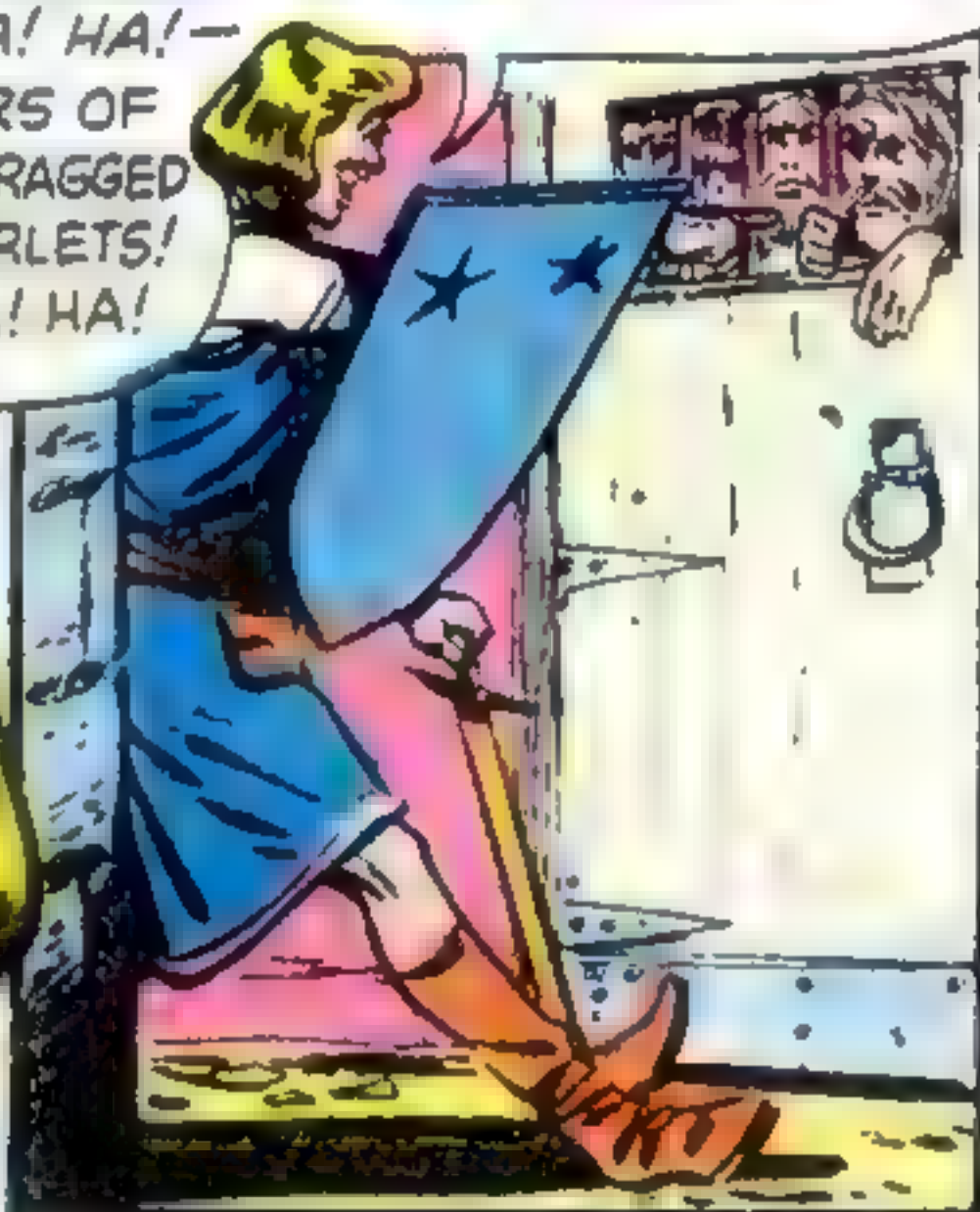
WE ARE VICTIMS OF FOUL OUTLAWS!



'TIS SIR LANCELOT! SIR GAWAINE! SIR KAYE! SIR MODRED! SIR GALAHAD!

HA! HA! HA! ALL THE TIME I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HAVING BRAVE ADVENTURES—AND NOW I FIND YOU—

HA! HA! HA!— PRISONERS OF THOSE RAGGED VARLETS! HA! HA!



CEASE YOUR LAUGHTER, YOU SILLY JACKANAPE!

GET US OUT OF HERE!

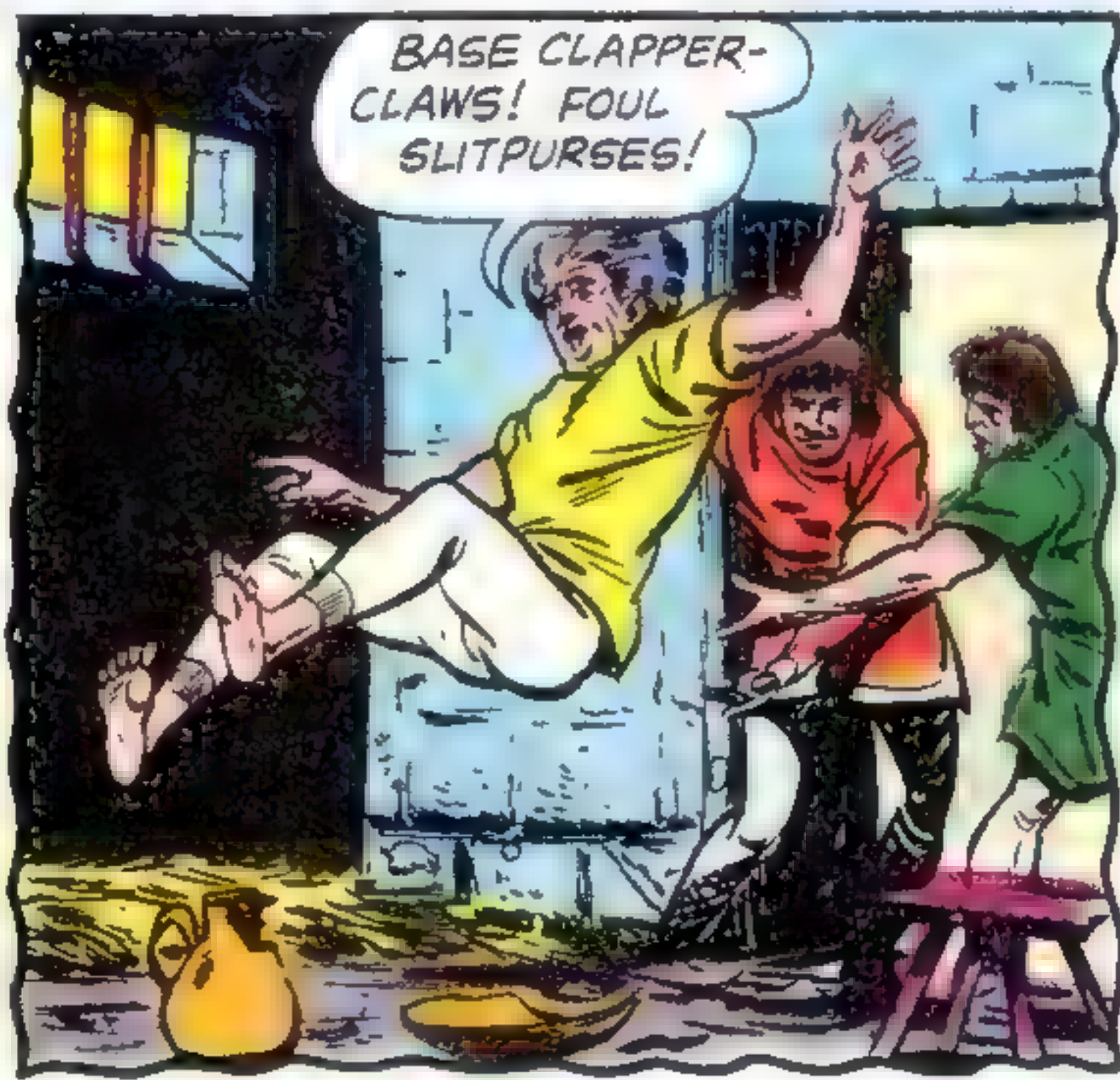
'T WAS ONLY BY A SCURVY TRICK THOSE VILLIANS CAPTURED US!



"AYE! ONE BY ONE, WHEN WE RODE ALONG THE FOREST PATH PAST THE SHIELD AND ATE OF THE NEWLY COOKED FOOD, THEN FELL ASLEEP! IN THAT SLEEP, THOSE BASEBORN KNAVES ATTACKED US!"



"WE FOUGHT, BUT WE WERE DRUGGED BY THE FOOD, AND THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM!"



BASE CLAPPER-CLAWS! FOUL SLITPURSES!

AS GALANT BRINGS THE
RESCUED KNIGHTS INTO
THE SUNLIGHT—

LOOK! THOSE
ROGUES HAVE
THE NERVE TO
WEAR OUR ARMOR,
CARRY OUR SHIELDS
AND SWORDS— TO
KEEP US PRISONERS!

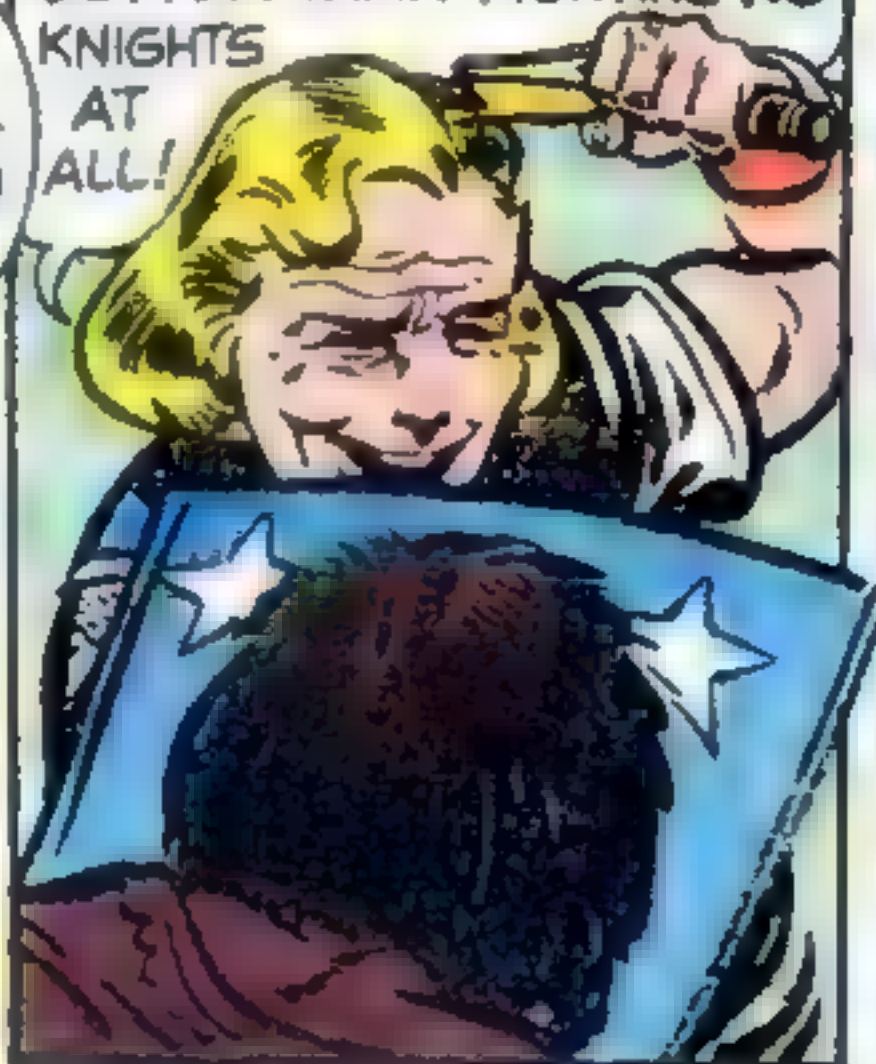
HAVE NO
FEAR,
LANCELOT
— I WILL
DEFEND
YOU!

GRINNING BEHIND HIS HELMET,
SHAKING WITH LAUGHTER, SIR
GALANT THROWS HIMSELF AT HIS
FOES!

I SUPPOSE THAT FIGHTING
BASEBORN "KNIGHTS" IS
BETTER THAN FIGHTING NO
KNIGHTS
AT ALL!

DOWN THE FOREST ROAD AND INTO
THE POOL ITSELF HE CHASES THEM!

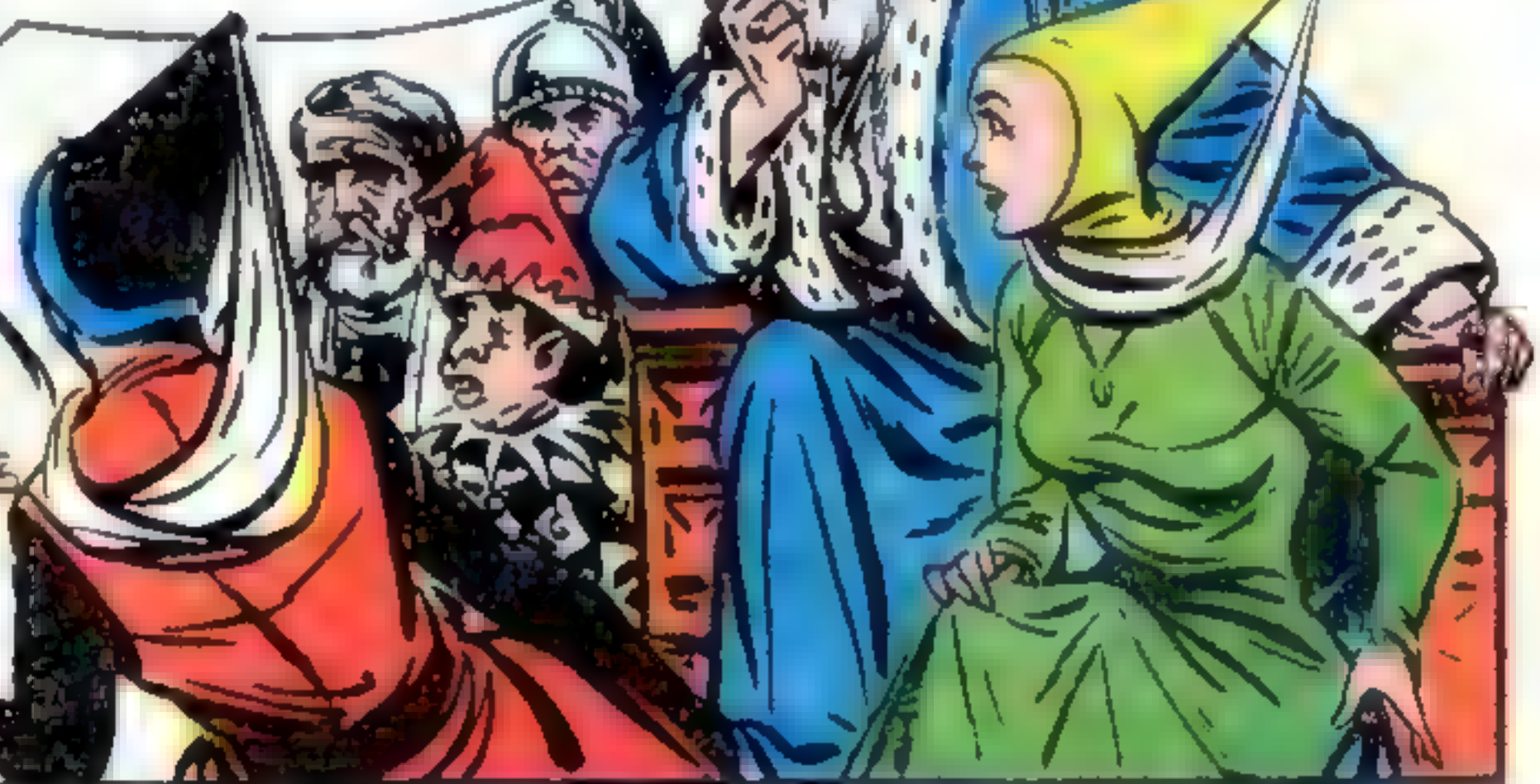
WHEN YOU CRAWL OUT, I'LL TAKE
YOU BEFORE KING
ARTHUR
FOR PUNISHMENT!



IN CAMELOT, THAT
VERY EVENING, SIR GALANT IS THE
HERO OF THE HOUR...

AS SOON AS I SAW
DEAD FLIES ON THE TABLE
AROUND THE FOOD, I KNEW
THERE WAS SOMETHING
WRONG WITH IT!

NEVER HEARD I A
STRANGER TALE! NEVER
HAS ONE MAN RESCUED
SO MANY OF MY
KNIGHTS!



AH, YES! 'TIS WONDERFUL TO BE A HERO IN CAMELOT...

THERE ARE SOME WHO ARE UNHAPPY, THOUGH...

— SO CLEVER! AND
BRAVE! HANDSOME,
TOO!

BAH! DOESN'T
HE GET TIRED
TALKING TO THOSE
GIRLS?

HE'S TELLING
HOW HE
RESCUED
US FOR THE
TENTH TIME!

AND HE WAS
WORRIED
ABOUT NOT
FINDING AD-
VENTURE!



Robin Hood

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME TOSS THOSE BOARDS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER!

MY BOW MADE MINCEMEAT OF THAT BEAR!

WHEN LITTLE JOHN USED HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES TO SAVE SIR GUI OF GLAMORE CASTLE FROM THE BEARS—NO! WAIT...! IT WAS ROBIN HOOD WHO SAVED SIR GUI BY ASTOUNDING FEATS OF ARCHERY! OR—WAS IT...?

WHICH VERSION DO YOU BELIEVE, GOOD READER? COME ON A GALLANT JAUNT INTO MERRIE ENGLAND, WHILE ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN SPIN THE STRANGE TALE OF—

"THE STRONG MAN AND THE ARCHER!"

THE NIGHTS IN SHERWOOD FOREST ARE SOMETIMES LONG AND LONELY. TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME, MEN SPIN TALES OF HIGH ADVENTURE. ONE OF THE BEST STORYTELLERS IS LITTLE JOHN...

"WE'D HAD NO LUCK AT ALL. WE RETURNING TO CAMP WHEN—"

I MIND IT WAS TWO WEEKS AGO, WHEN ROBIN AND I WERE HUNTING IN THE WOODS...

LOOK THERE, ROBIN! DO MY EYES PLAY ME TRICKS OR IS IT EVIL SIR GUI HIMSELF PINNED UNDER THAT TREE?

"'T WAS SIR GUI INDEED—BLACK-HEARTED KNAVE AND FELON KNIGHT THAT HE IS!"

A GOLD PIECE TO YOU EACH IF YOU FREE ME!

FORSOOTH AND ALACK! 'TIS A MONSTROUS HEAVY TREE!

TWO GOLD PIECES EACH! THREE!

A VERY HEAVY TREE! I DOUBT BOTH OF US COULD LIFT IT. STILL, FOR FIVE GOLD COINS EACH, I MIGHT MAKE A TRY AT IT!

HE DOES NOT KNOW US!

AH! WE MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH HIM AT THAT!

"I STRADDLED THE TREE. MY HAND GRIPPED IT. I HEAVED ONCE, TWICE—AND THE BOLE OF THE TREE CAME UP EASILY!"

A HEAVE—AND A HO!

I HAVE THE FOUL FIEND—I MEAN THE GOOD SIR GUI!

THAT WAS A LUSTY HEAVE. YOU ARE AS STRONG AS SAMSON EVER WAS!

'T WAS NOTHING, MILORD. NOTHING, REALLY!

I SAY 'T WAS A SPLENDID FEAT OF STRENGTH! THIS GOLD IS BUT A SMALL TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM!

GADZOOKS!

COME TO MY CASTLE! YOU SHALL BE GIVEN EMPLOY AND A CHANCE TO EARN MORE GOLD!

WELL—?

—WHY NOT?

"AS WE WERE PASSING THROUGH A DENSELY
WOODED AREA—"
"WILD BOARS!"



FEAR NOT, MILORD!
YOU AND ROB HERE ARE
SAFE ENOUGH WITH ME
TO PROTECT YOU!



"T'WAS A GOOD ENOUGH FIGHT
WHILE IT LASTED. UNFORTUNATELY,
THERE WERE ONLY TEN BOARS. I
DIDN'T EVEN WORK UP A GOOD SWEAT!"

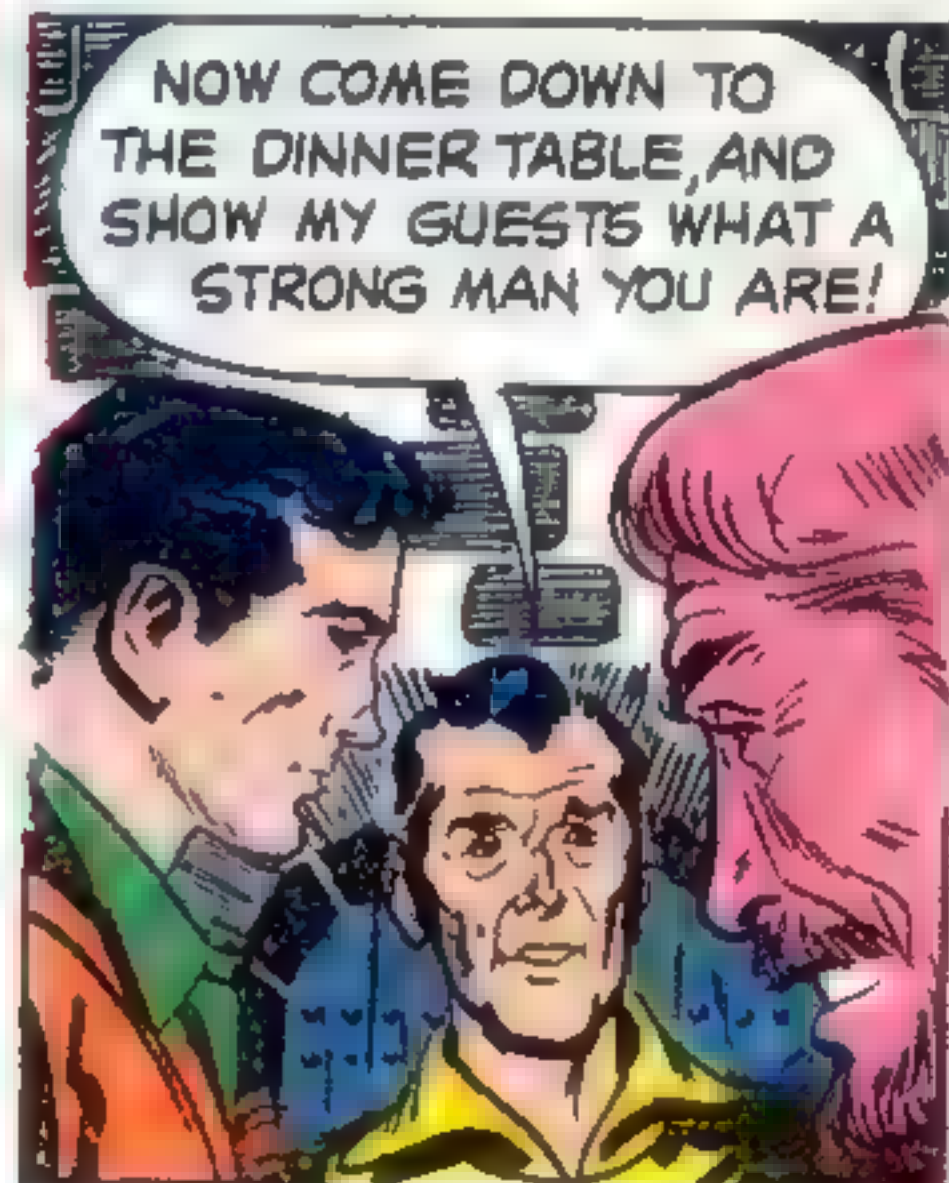
WELL, A MAN CAN'T HAVE
EVERYTHING. NOW BEGONE,
YOU PIGS—BEFORE I REALLY
LOSE MY TEMPER!

"WELL, NATURALLY, SIR GUI
HAD TO REWARD ME FOR MY
STRENGTH AND BRAVERY AGAIN.
SINCE HE'D GIVEN ME ALL HIS
GOLD BEFORE, I HAD TO WAIT
UNTIL WE ARRIVED AT THE
CASTLE FOR A PROPER FEE..."

IF THERE WERE ONLY
TWICE AS MANY OF YOU,
I MIGHT EARN ANOTHER
FINE REWARD!

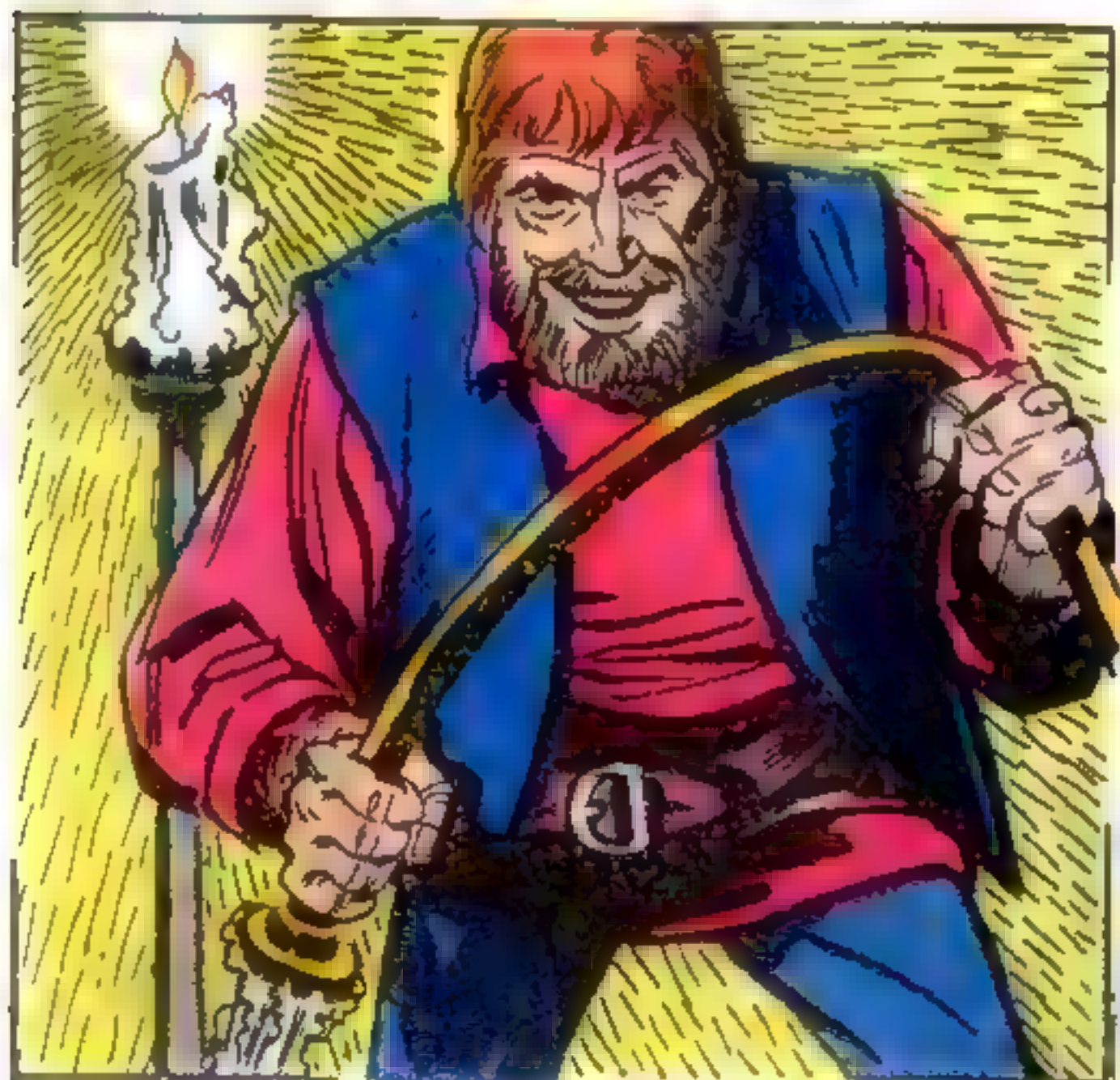


NOW COME DOWN TO
THE DINNER TABLE, AND
SHOW MY GUESTS WHAT A
STRONG MAN YOU ARE!



"NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN SUCH FEATS OF
STRENGTH AS I DID THAT NIGHT!"

"THEN THE FOUL TRAITOR STOOD AT THE DINNER TABLE
AND ROARED AT US!"

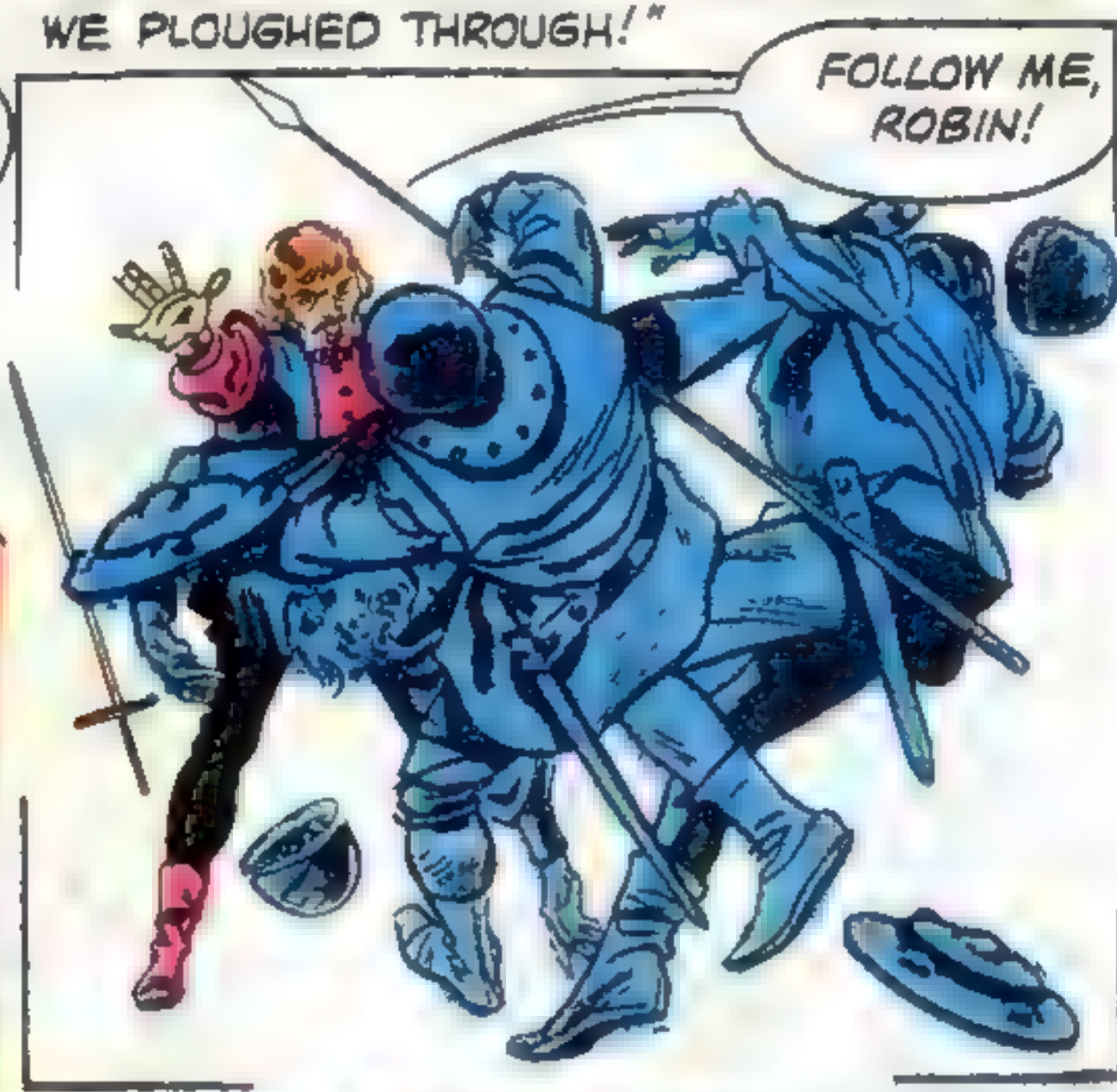
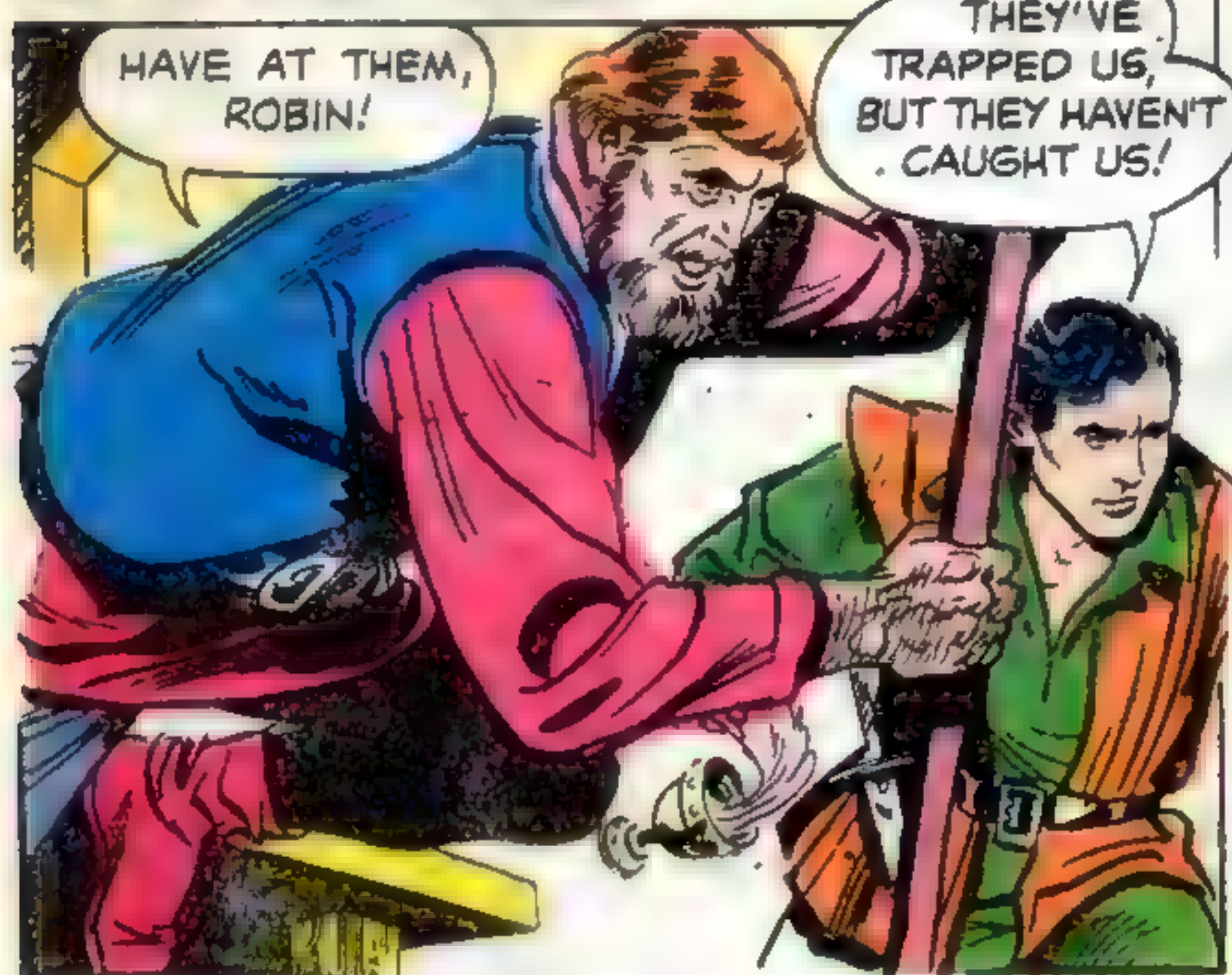


ARREST THOSE TWO! THEY THOUGHT
TO HOODWINK ME—BUT I KNOW THEM
FOR LITTLE JOHN AND ROBIN HOOD!



"THAT WAS A GOOD FIGHT! HIS GUARDS CAME AT US, BUT WE FOUGHT FURIOUSLY—"

"IT WAS THEN THAT I CAUGHT A NOGGIN ON THE JAW THAT RAISED A FINE BRUISE! BUT WE PLOUGHED THROUGH!"



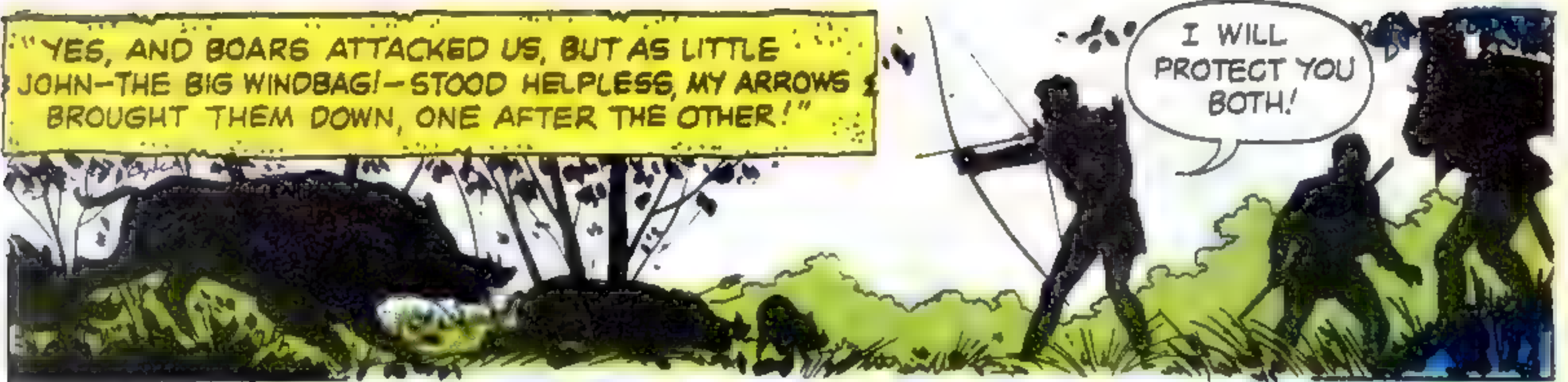
"TRUE, WE FOUND SIR GUI IN THE WOOD, TRAPPED—BUT BY A BIG BEAR, NOT ANY FALLEN TREE!"

THREE GOLD PIECES TO EACH OF YOU! ONLY SAVE ME! AH, THAT'S BETTER!

"I SHOT—NOT AT THE BEAR BUT AT A HORNET'S NEST HANGING JUST OVER ITS HEAD!"



"YES, AND BOARS ATTACKED US, BUT AS LITTLE JOHN-THE BIG WINDBAG!-STOOD HELPLESS, MY ARROWS BROUGHT THEM DOWN, ONE AFTER THE OTHER!"

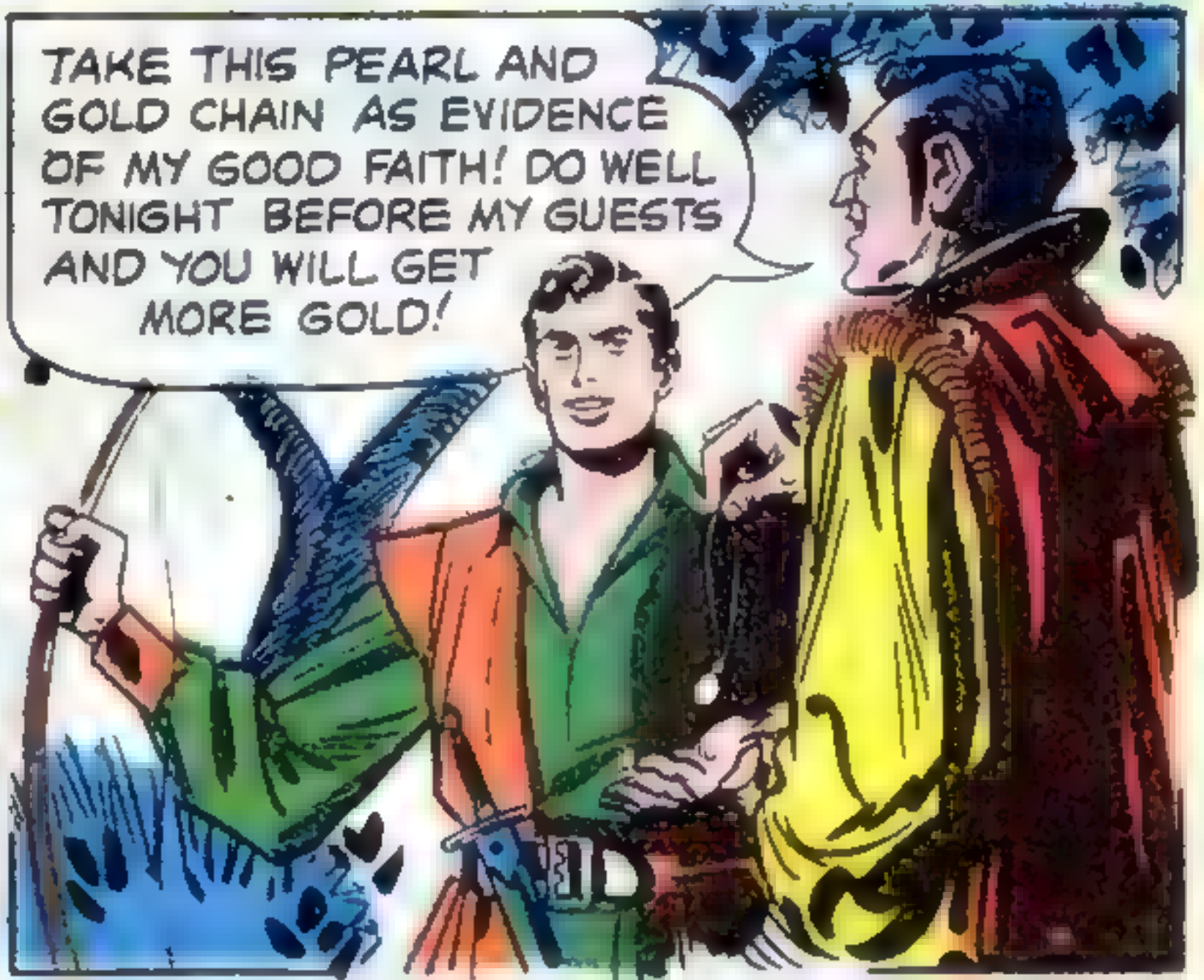


"WHEN I WAS DONE, THERE WAS ENOUGH PORK FOR A FEAST!"



NEVER SAW I SUCH MARVELOUS SHOOTING! HA! I MUST MAKE YOU A MEMBER OF MY CASTLE GUARD!

TAKE THIS PEARL AND GOLD CHAIN AS EVIDENCE OF MY GOOD FAITH! DO WELL TONIGHT BEFORE MY GUESTS AND YOU WILL GET MORE GOLD!



TRULY, I AM A RICH MAN. BUT WHY ARE YOU SO GLOOMY, LITTLE JOHN?

YOU HAVE ALL THE HONORS. HE THINKS I'M JUST A BIG LUMMOX! HA, IF ONLY I COULD SHOW HIM HOW STRONG I AM!

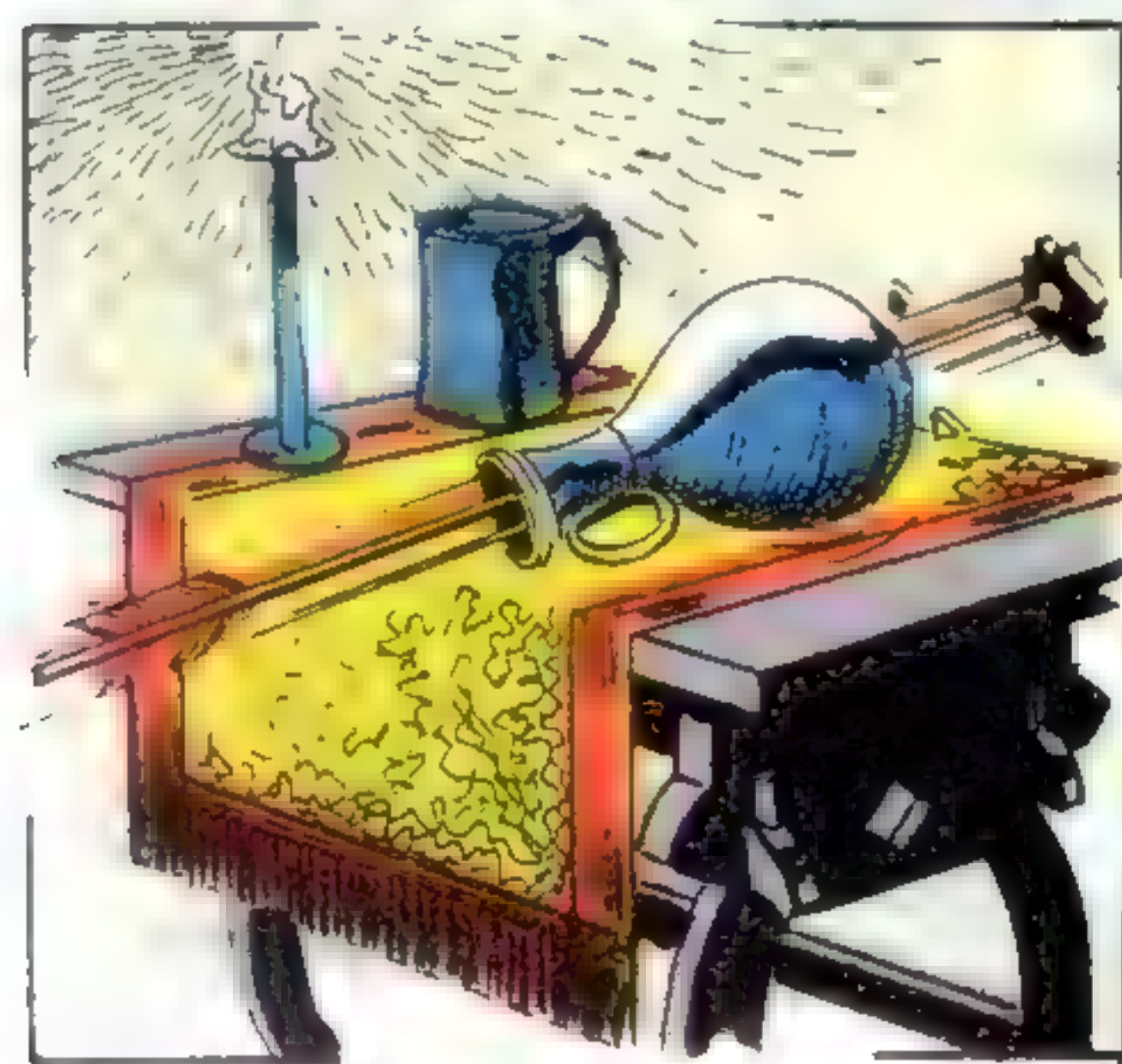


"THAT NIGHT, SIR GUI MADE ME ENTERTAIN WITH MY BOW AND ARROW. I SHOT AS NO MAN EVER SHOT BEFORE..."



"I PUT ARROWS INTO BOTTLENECKS..."

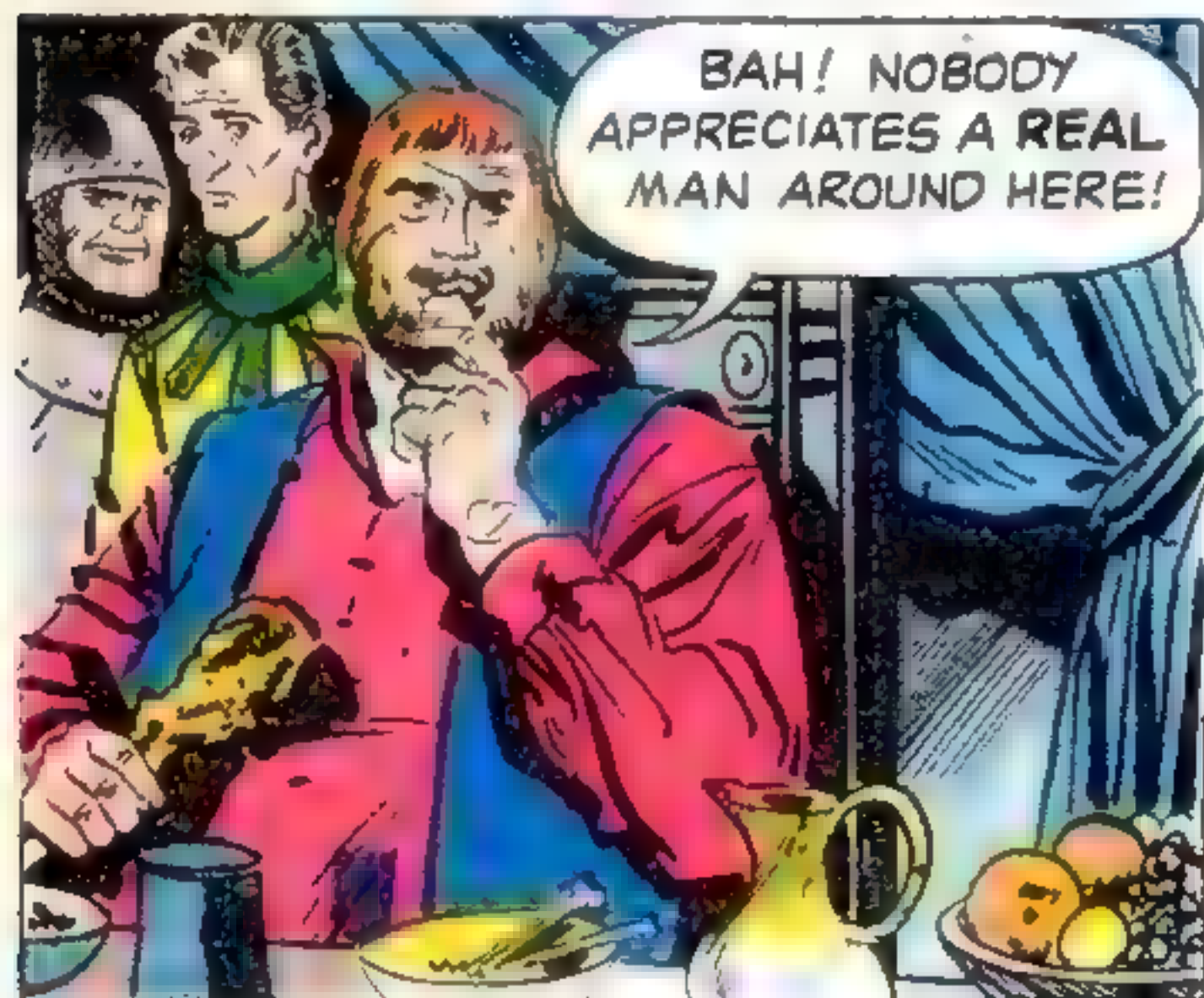
"SOMEONE TOSSED A DOZEN COINS INTO THE AIR. ONE BY ONE I PICKED THEM OFF!"



NO ONE BUT ROBIN HOOD CAN SHOOT LIKE THAT! ARREST HIM!



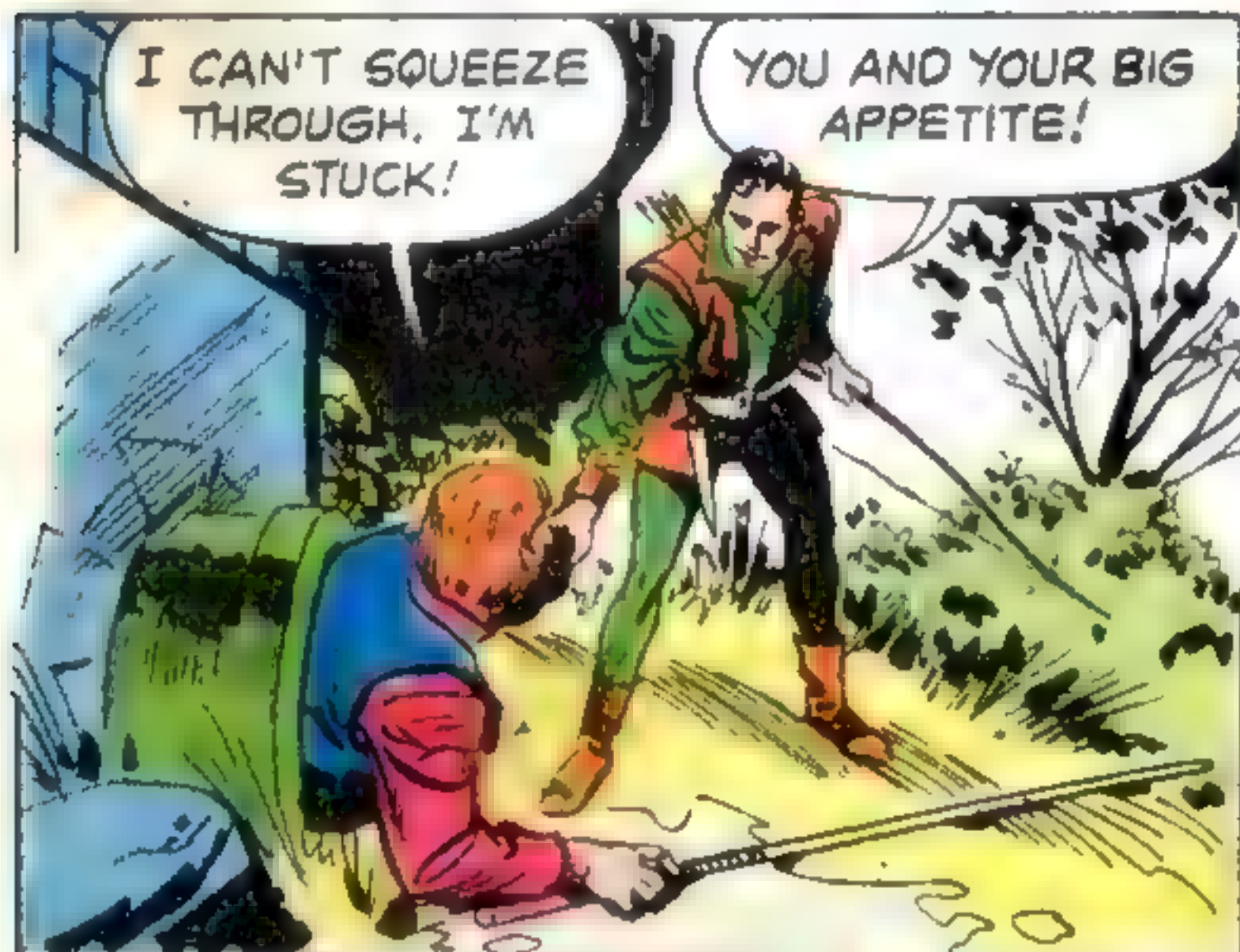
"ALL THE WHILE I WAS DEMONSTRATING WHAT TRICKS A GOOD MARKSMAN COULD DO, LITTLE JOHN WAS EATING! HE WAS SO ANGRY, HE TOOK OUT HIS RAGE ON THE HELPLESS CAPONS AND HAMS WITH WHICH SIR GUI FED HIS GUESTS!"



"WHEN IT CAME TIME TO FLEE, HE COULD HARDLY MOVE!"



"WITH MY ARROWS, I PUT OUT EVERY CANDLE IN THE ROOM. IN THE DARKNESS, WE FLED TO A DRAIN-PIPE. BUT LITTLE JOHN HAD EATEN TOO MUCH FOOD!"



LAUGHING AND STRUGGLING, THE TWO GOOD FRIENDS TOPPLE SIDEWAYS INTO THE CAMP POOL—



IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

MEDIEVAL COOKING Strangely enough, some of the finest cooks of the Middle Ages believed that flowers — such as roses, geraniums, nasturtiums and others — should be employed in cooking. Not only did the flowers add flavor and spice, but they had certain medicinal values as well (people believed). Such a famous man as Charlemagne ate tidbits like *pickled rosebuds* and *violet fritters*!

Many of the eating habits of our ancestors, such as the above, have gone out of style today. For instance, there was a mixture of grains and meal called "drage" from which bread was baked. Also, a kind of beer was made from it to grace the table during meal time.

Some of their recipes have come down to us on the pages of old manuscripts. However, many of these recipes call for spices and herbs — one declares a meat must be seasoned by "palumbard" (whatever that is) — with which we are totally unfamiliar. We may know the spice used, but not under the name called for by the recipe.

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE Most of our readers are familiar with the name, Richard the Lion-Hearted. Few of them may have heard of his famous mother, Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine. Eleanor may well be called the Mother of Chivalry, for it was she who began the Courts of Love, in which the duties of knights were such that chivalry itself began. Not content with this, Eleanor was a patron of the troubadours, those singing wanderers who brought merriment into the rather dull lives of the people of the Middle Ages. Equally, she insisted on fine, courtly dress for all with noble blood.

She is the only woman ever to be Queen of England and Queen of France. By marriage with Louis VII — she was 16 years old at the time, having been born in the year 1122, in southern France — she became queen of her native land. With King Louis, Queen Eleanor travelled to the Holy Land on the Second Crusade. Upon her return from Antioch, Eleanor fell in love with and married — after

a divorce from Louis VII on the ground that they were closely related as cousins — Henry Plantagenet.

When Henry became King of England, Eleanor became his Queen. Among her children by King Henry was Richard of the Lion Heart and Prince John (later, King John of Magna Carta fame).

Having outlived most of her children, Queen Eleanor retired to a convent for the last few years of her life. She died in her eighties.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS The Middle Ages saw the birth of many of our most cherished Christmas customs. During the fourth century A.D., the date of the Nativity was established as December 25 by the Bishop of Rome.

In pagan times, the month of December was a time of general feasting and merry-making. Many of the Roman homes were decorated with evergreens, with mistletoe branches, with gifts for all members of the family. Gradually, the idle merrymaking of pagan days gave way to the more spiritual celebration of Christ's birth. However, the people were reluctant to abandon their old habits, and continued to decorate their homes with evergreens. They also gave gifts and feasts. Now, instead of celebrating a pagan custom, however, they celebrated Christmas Day.

Customs varied in different countries. In Italy, a cave served as the first *crèche* (the stable and crib popular at that time of year) for the Christ-child. It is said that St. Francis of Assisi, when he celebrated Christmas in the year 1223, used this cave as the site of his outdoor altar.

In the far north, in the Scandinavian lands, and in England, the Yule log was an old custom. A great log was cut down and dragged through the forest to the accompaniment of songs, into the castle, where it was burned with much singing and feasting. In Holland, Saint Nicholas was the patron saint of Christmas time. When the Dutch came to the New World, they brought this medieval custom with them, so that Saint Nick for us

has also come to be synonymous with Santa Claus.

The Romans gave gifts during December, for their Saturnalia and New Year celebrations. This has carried over into our own time, having been kept alive during medieval days when the lords and ladies of the manors exchanged presents and gifts with each other, with their children, and with the families of their retainers.

Christmas plays too, that began in the medieval churches, soon spread to the city squares. Christmas carols also had their beginning at this time, as well as the habit of hanging stockings.

THE BOOK OF HOURS One of the most famous calendars of all time is this Book of Hours, begun in the year 1410 for the Duke de Berry. A famous Flemish artist, Pol de Limbourg, was commissioned to paint the book. For seven years the artist labored, producing the first ten and a half pages. When the Duc de Berry died, work on the book ceased. Seventy years later, when the Count of Savoy became interested in the manuscript and paintings, he ordered the paintings finished by Jean Colombe.

Today, this art-treasure is preserved in the Condé Museum in Chantilly, France—a town also noted for its fine lace.

Each painting represents a month of the year. Above each painting is a segment of the heavens, showing the placement of the stars at each particular time of year. The January painting shows the duke at table, dining with Church dignitaries and his knights. Inasmuch as each of the paintings shows a particular facet of life in medieval times, they are very valuable to scholars. February reveals the land covered with snow, and peasants chopping trees, gathered about the fireplace in the house, and carting wood to market.

March shows the fields being plowed, vegetables and trees being planted. Oddly enough, a dragon is seen flying above a castle tower to represent an old French fairy tale. April has the ladies of the manor picking flowers. May shows a gay group of riders, men and women both, enjoying a spring day.

In June, serfs are gathering hay against a background of the city of Paris. July and August are also devoted to agrarian pursuits, as is the month of September. In October, there is harrowing and sowing of grain. In November, a herd of swine is being fed from acorns knocked from trees. In December, a wild boar is caught by the hounds and hunters.

Phases of life of the people of these days are so excellently shown in the Book of Hours that various costumes, habits of dress, of agriculture, the placement of the stars, have come down to us from those days. The Book of Hours is a rare treasure, indeed.

ART FORMS One of the most unusual art forms of the middle ages is to be found in some of the old churches in Europe. Under the pew seats are wood carvings in various shapes and forms. Since these seats swing back on hinges, so the worshipper could stand as well as sit during the services, the carvings come into view when the seat is lifted. The ledge that becomes revealed at this time is known as a "misericord".

Some of the carvings are in a light vain. Others are of sacred objects.

FALCONRY This old world sport is rare in the United States. At one time, great lords and nobles devoted a great deal of their time to their falcons, however. They were used as hunting birds, to flush out rabbits, pheasant, and other game animals and birds. Carried on the wrist, and hooded, they are a familiar sight in all pictures that have to do with hunting during medieval days.

The falcons were kept in a room of the castle called the mews. Here they were trained to hunt, to leap from the wrist, to bring back the game after which they were sent. One of the abilities of the falcon is to fly at tremendous speeds, and to see small moving objects even at a distance of two miles. In the days when a man's meal depended on what he could hunt and slay, the falcon was obviously an important figure among the castle inhabitants.

PSALTER The psalter of the middle ages was a book—hand-printed and illumined or illustrated—that could be found in any castle or manor house. Sometimes these psalters were religious in content. At other times, they were romances, such as the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, the Chanson de Roland, the story of Tristan and Yseult.

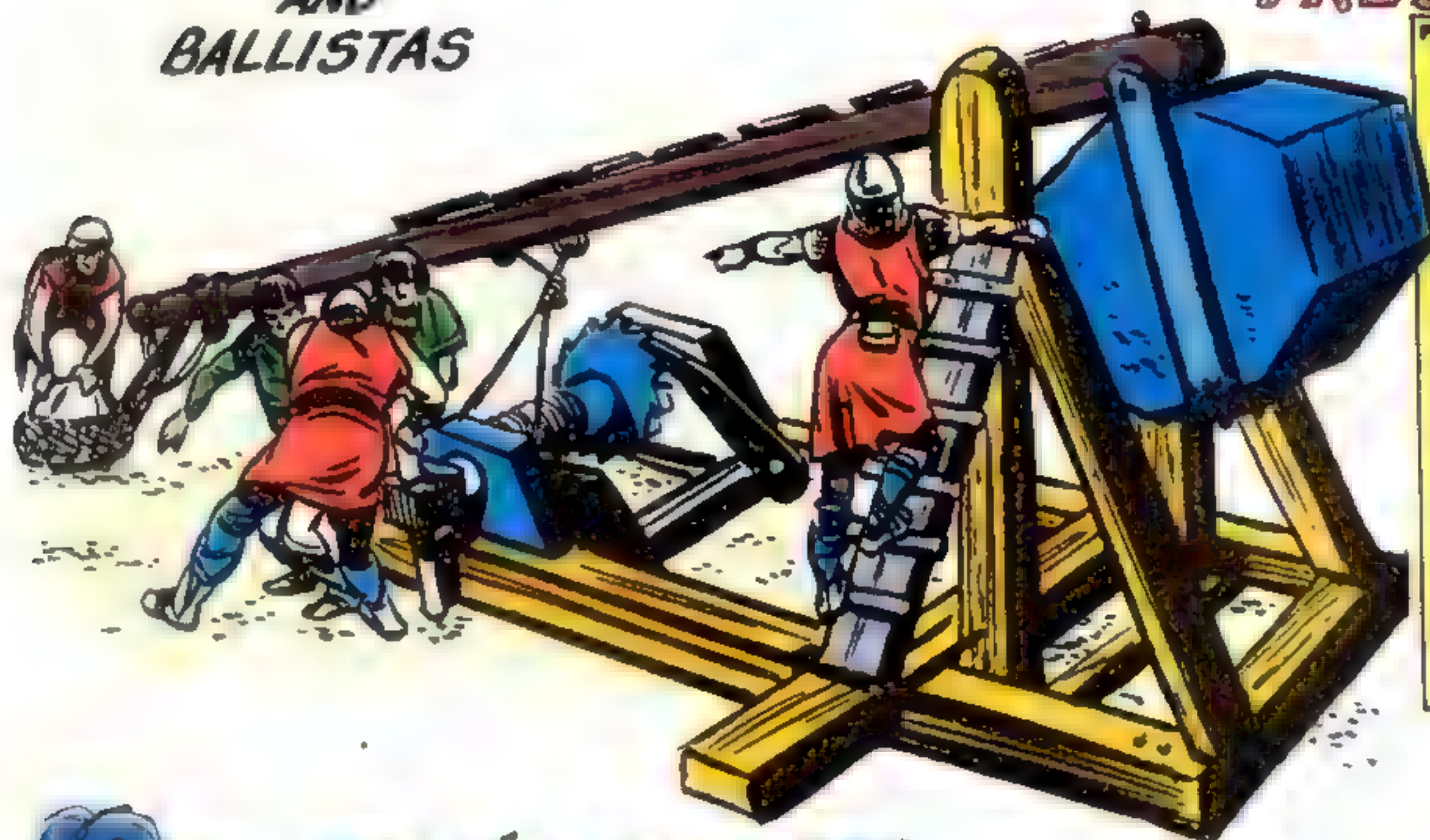
Though the lives of men and women were hard during this time, they still found time to enjoy literature and art by means of these psalters.

Weapons of History

"HEAVY ARTILLERY"

CATAPULTS
AND
BALLISTAS

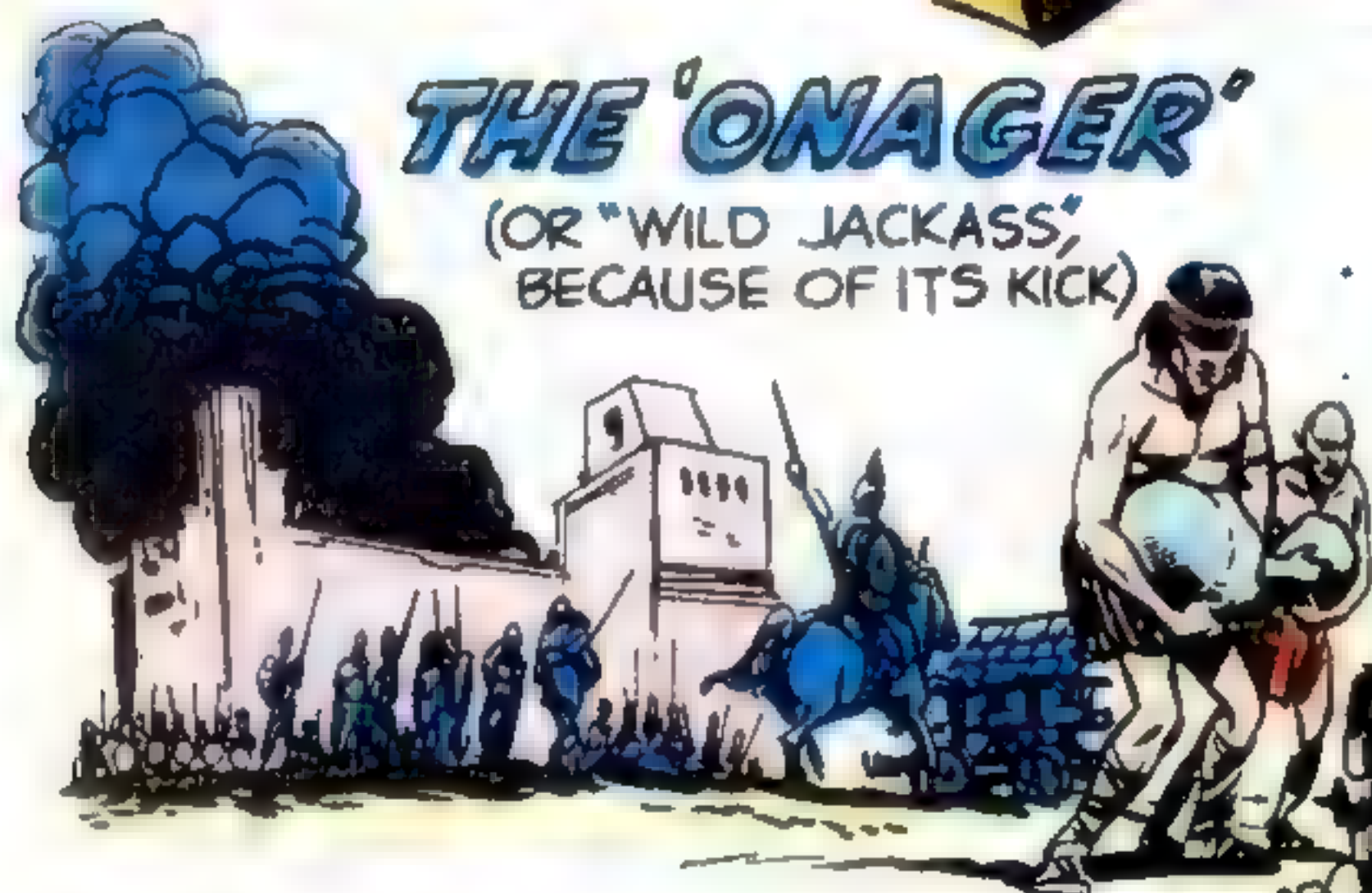
THE TREBUCHET



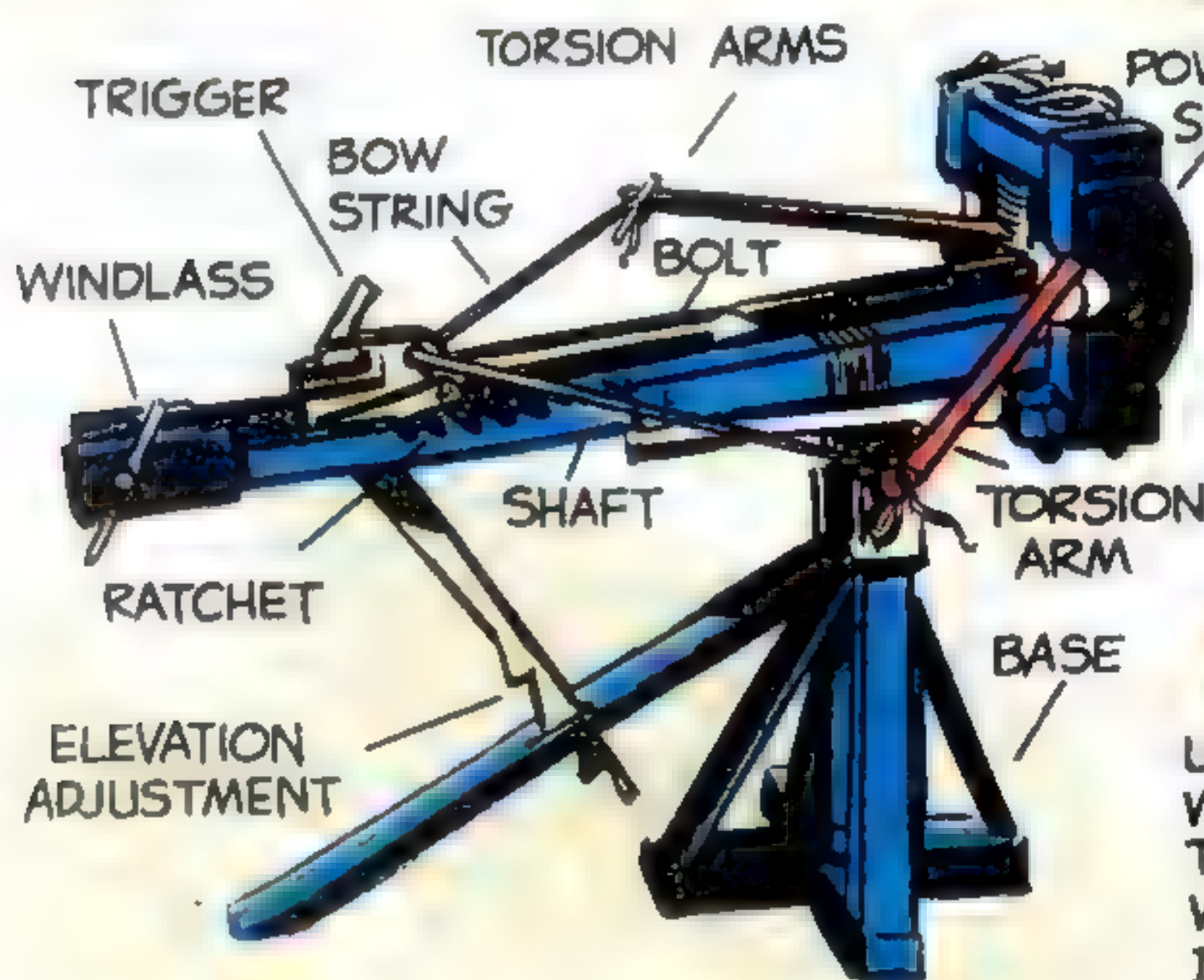
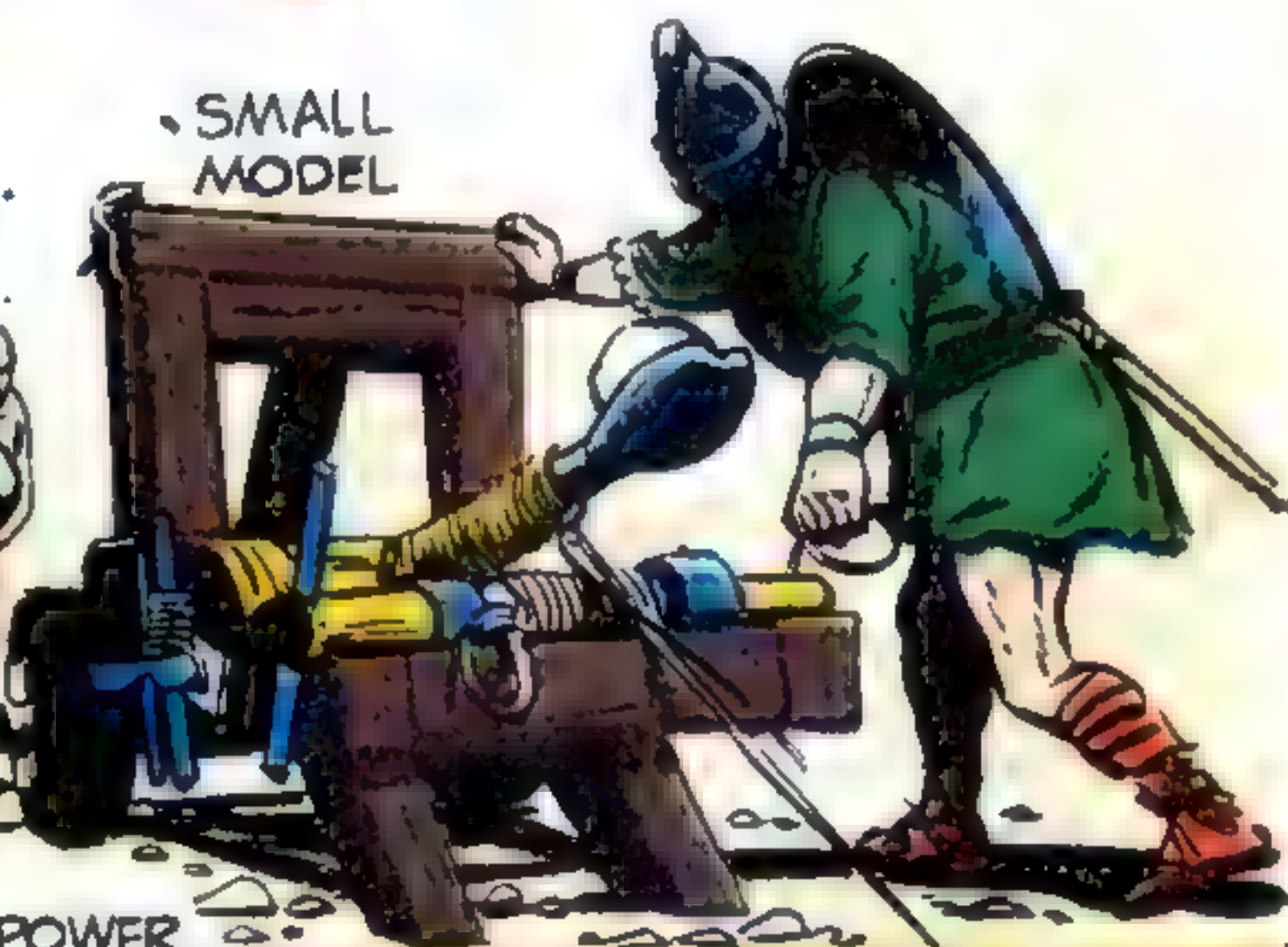
THIS TERRIFYING AND DEADLY CATAPULT WAS DEVELOPED IN THE MIDDLE AGES. ITS TREMENDOUS POWER WAS GOTTEN BY RELEASING A GREAT WEIGHT THAT WHIPPED A LONG SHAFT UP AND OVER, HURLING HEAVY MISSILES FOR UNBELIEVABLE DISTANCES.

THE 'ONAGER'

(OR "WILD JACKASS"
BECAUSE OF ITS KICK)



SMALL
MODEL

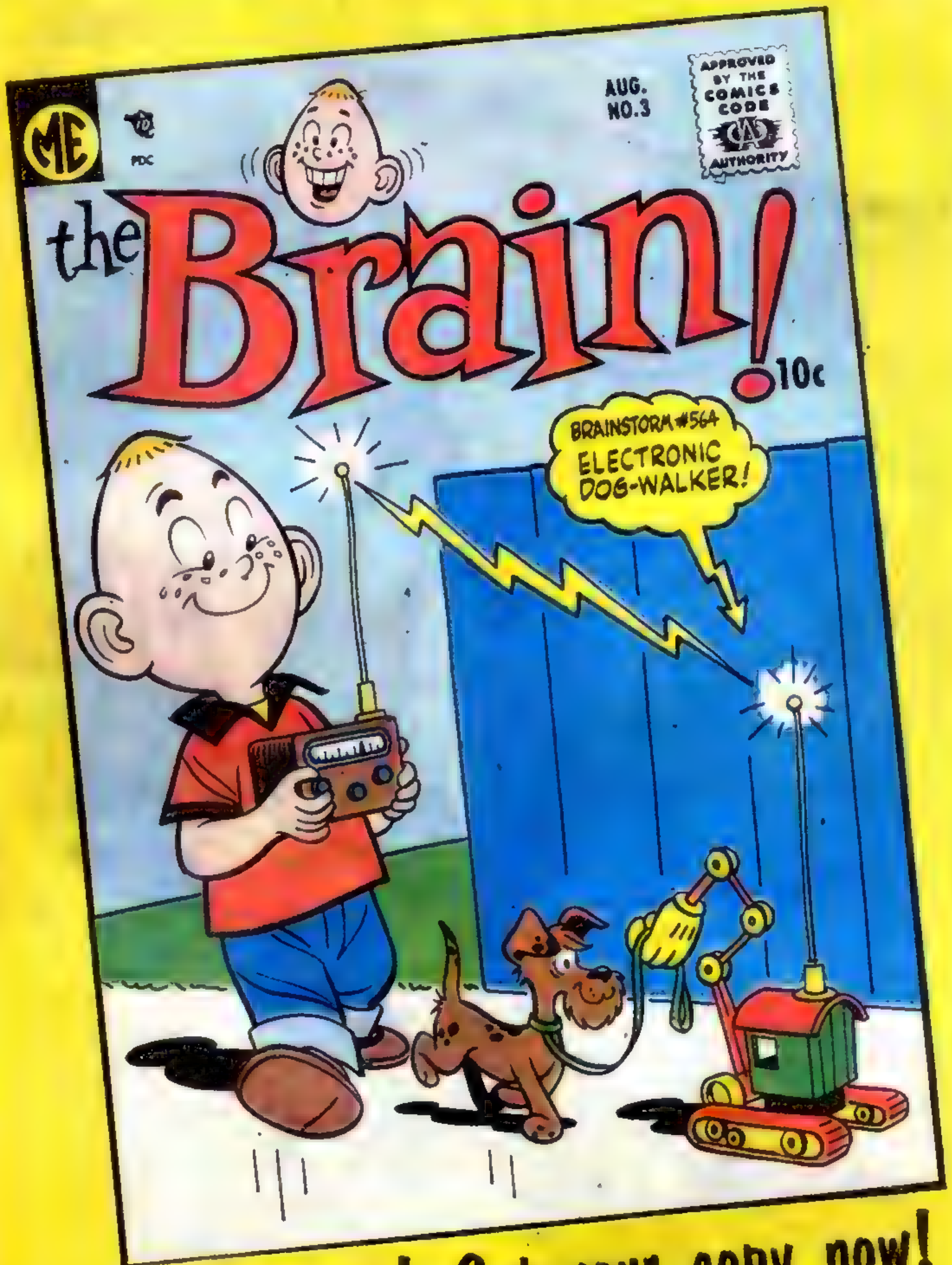


THIS MACHINE, INVENTED ABOUT 400 B.C. WAS POWERED BY TORSION GOTTEN FROM SINEW AND HORSE HAIR AND WAS SO POWERFUL THAT IT COULD HURL LARGE BOULDERS THROUGH MASONRY TWO FEET THICK 500 FEET AWAY!!

THE BALLISTA

UNLIKE THE TREBUCHET AND ONAGER, WHICH WERE USED AGAINST FORTIFICATIONS, THE BALLISTA WAS AN ANTI-PERSONNEL WEAPON THAT SHOT BOLTS OR ARROWS. ITS TORQUE WAS 28,000 POUNDS AND COULD SHOOT ITS MISSILES ALMOST A MILE!!

He's FUNNY! He's DIFFERENT! He's...



Don't wait! Get your copy now!

Robin Hood

IT IS THE DRAGON PRINCE JOHN SENT TO CHINA FOR— TO DESTROY US, ROBIN HOOD!

THE DRAGON SPOKE WITH A VOICE OF THUNDER! HE BREATHED FIRE AND SMOKE! HE TERRIFIED ALL WHO SAW HIM, EVEN THE MERRY MEN OF ROBIN HOOD! WHERE MEN-AT-ARMS AND KNIGHTS FAILED TO CRUSH THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY AMONG THE GAY ARCHERS OF SHERWOOD FOREST AND BRING ROBIN HOOD TO HIS KNEES, PRINCE JOHN OF ENGLAND COUNTED HEAVILY ON—

"THE CHINESE DRAGON!"

FNB

IN THE VERY SHADOW OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, AN ENGLISH MERCHANT HEADS WESTWARD TOWARD HIS HOME THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY...

AS TRUE AS MY NAME IS GILES LUBBOCK— MY FORTUNE IS MADE AT LAST!

A SMILE OF DELIGHT SPREADS ACROSS HIS FACE...

IN THE WAGON, HEAVILY WRAPPED AGAINST INJURY, IS SOMETHING THAT THE KINGS OF EUROPE WILL GLADLY PAY MUCH GOLD TO GET!

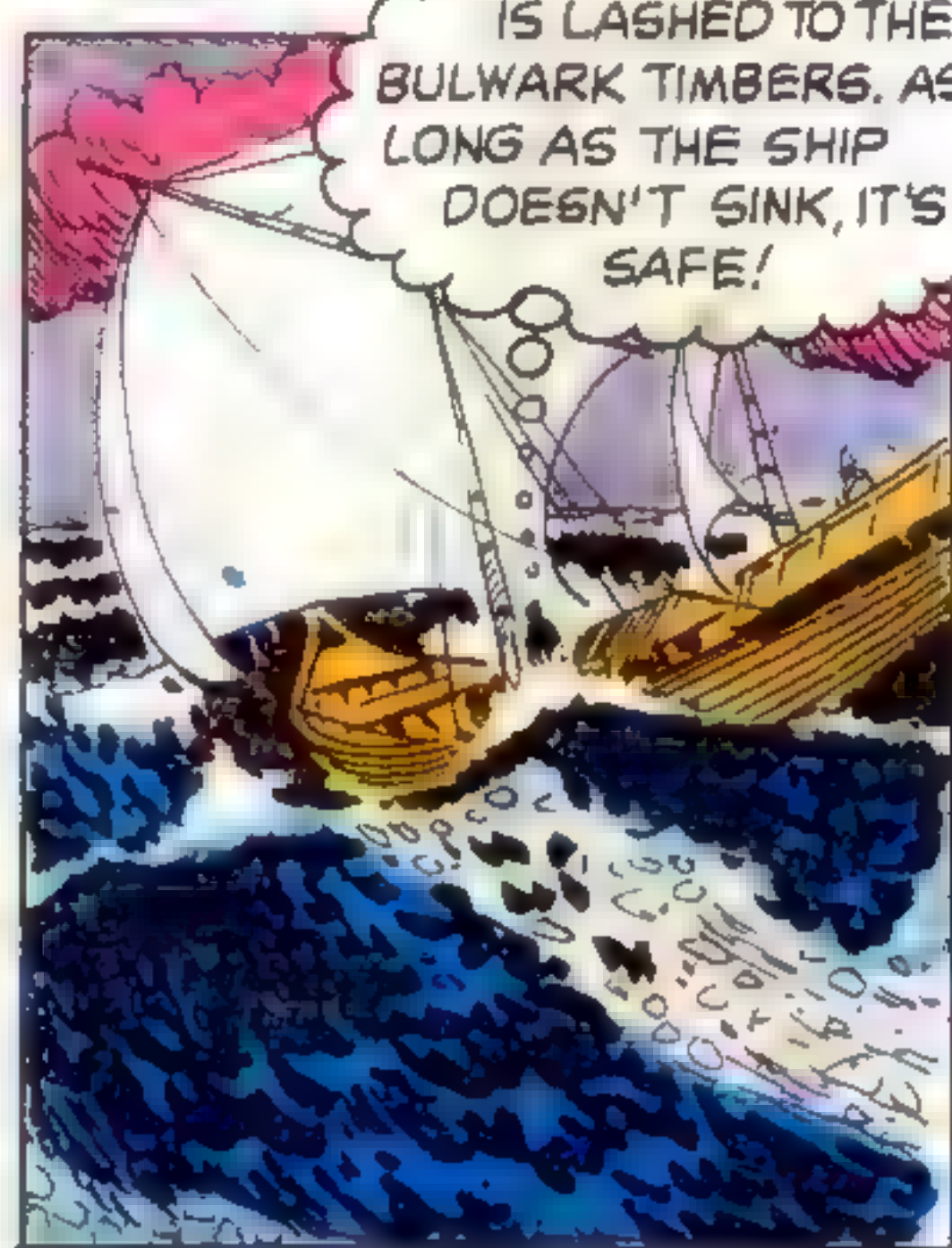
ACROSS BURNING DESERT SANDS TRAVELS THE LITTLE CARAVAN...



THROUGH THE SWIRLING SNOWS OF MOUNTAIN PASSES—



FIERCE STORMS AT SEA DRIVE A FAT-BOTTOMED MEDIEVAL CARRACK BEFORE THEM...



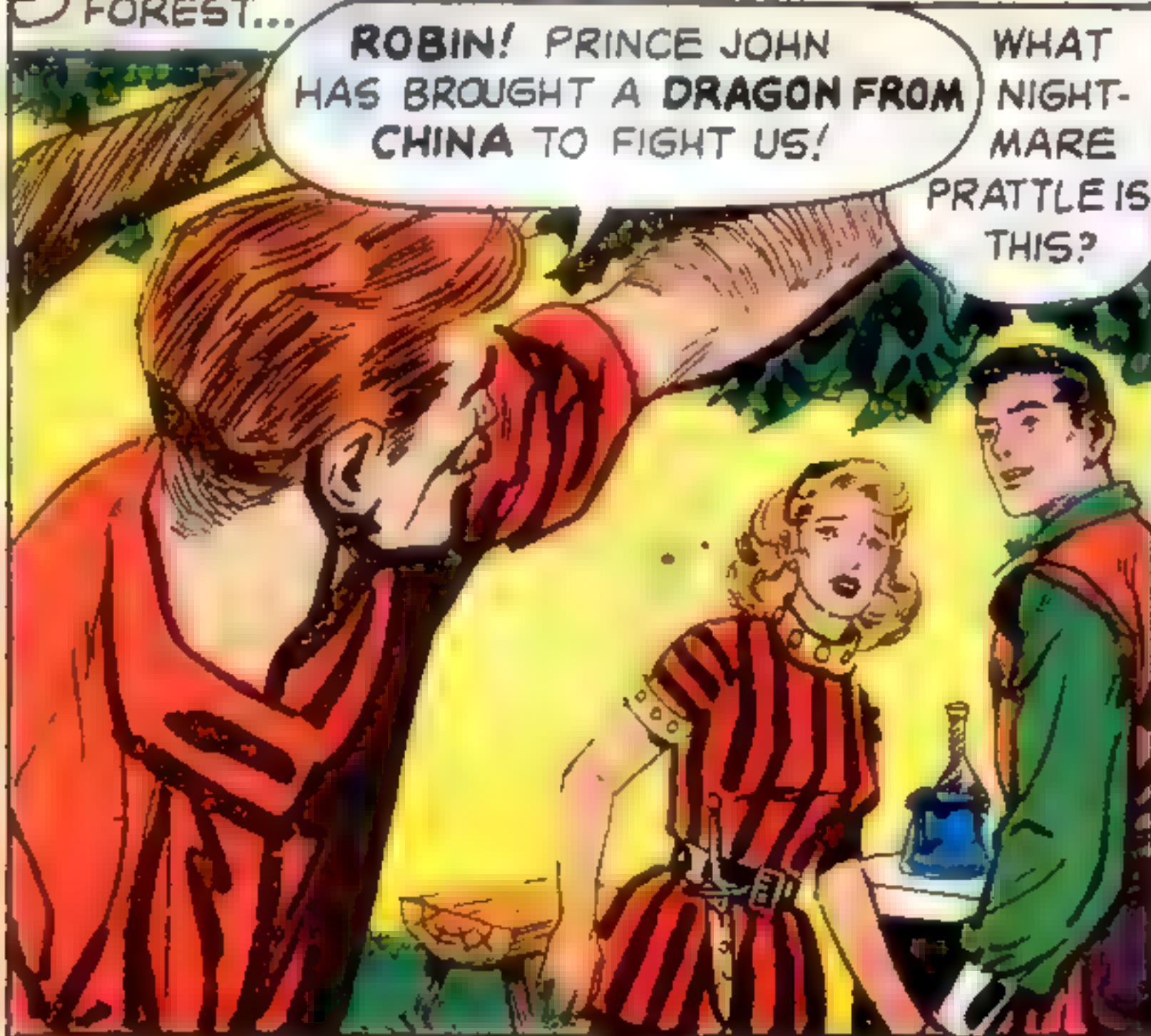
...UNTIL AT LAST, ON A BRIGHT MAY MORNING IN ENGLAND, THE WANDERING MERCHANT STANDS BEFORE PRINCE JOHN...



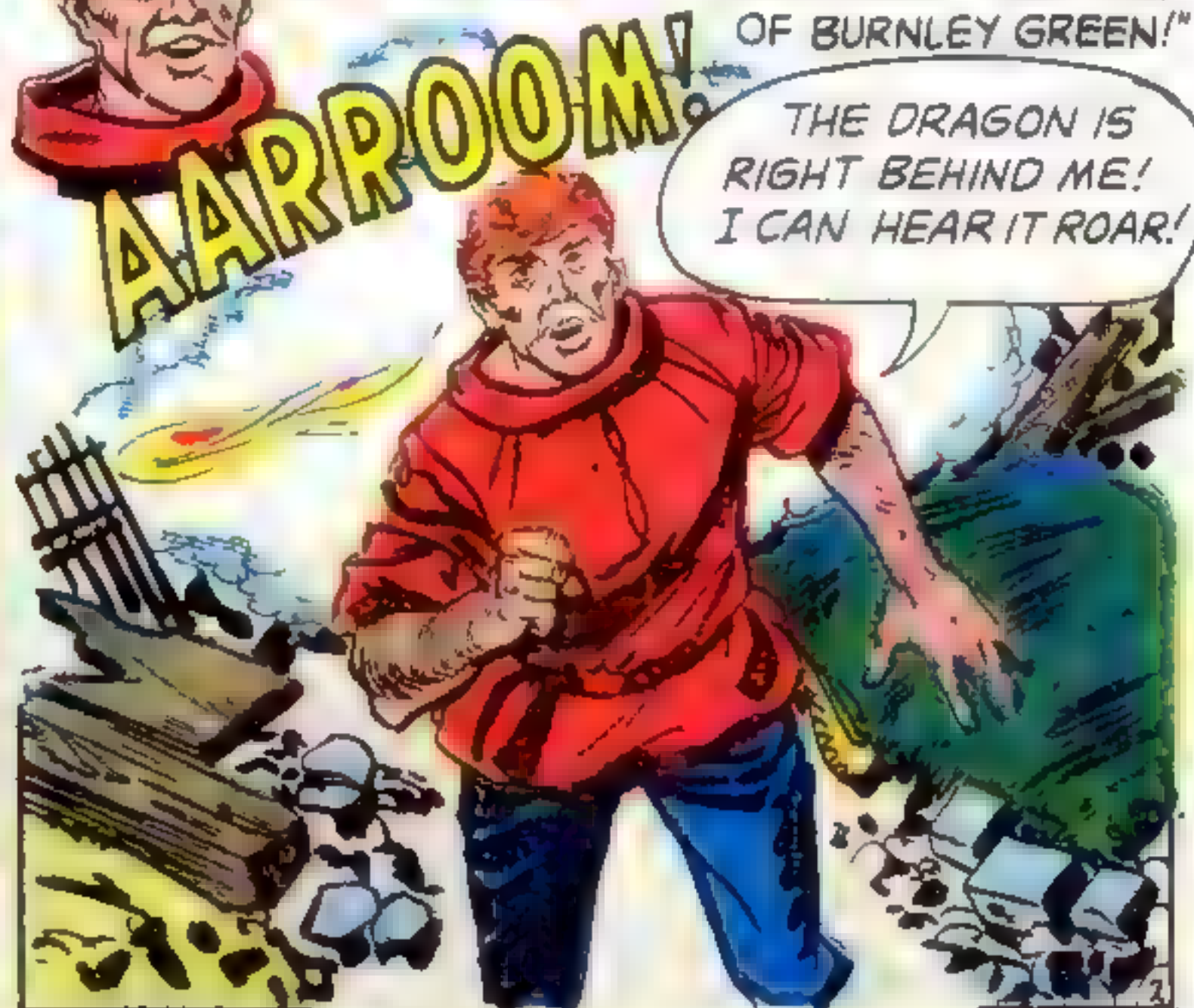
ACCEPT THIS BAG OF GOLD AS MY RETAINER FEE. USE THIS STRANGE THING TO CONQUER ROBIN HOOD. IF YOU OVERCOME HIM, YOUR FORTUNE IS MADE—I WILL ORDER MANY MORE OF THEM FROM YOU...!

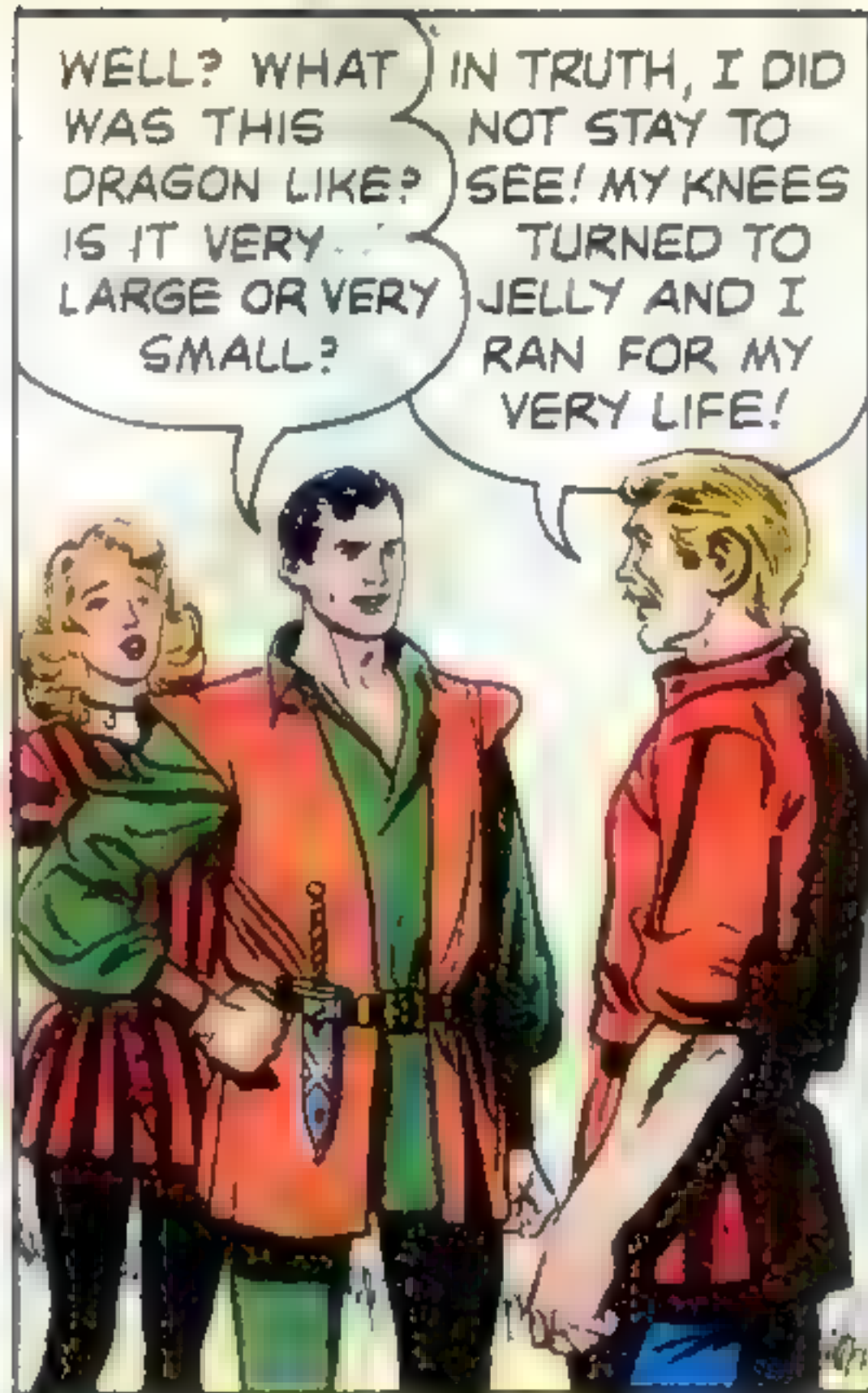


SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE DEPTHS OF SHERWOOD FOREST...



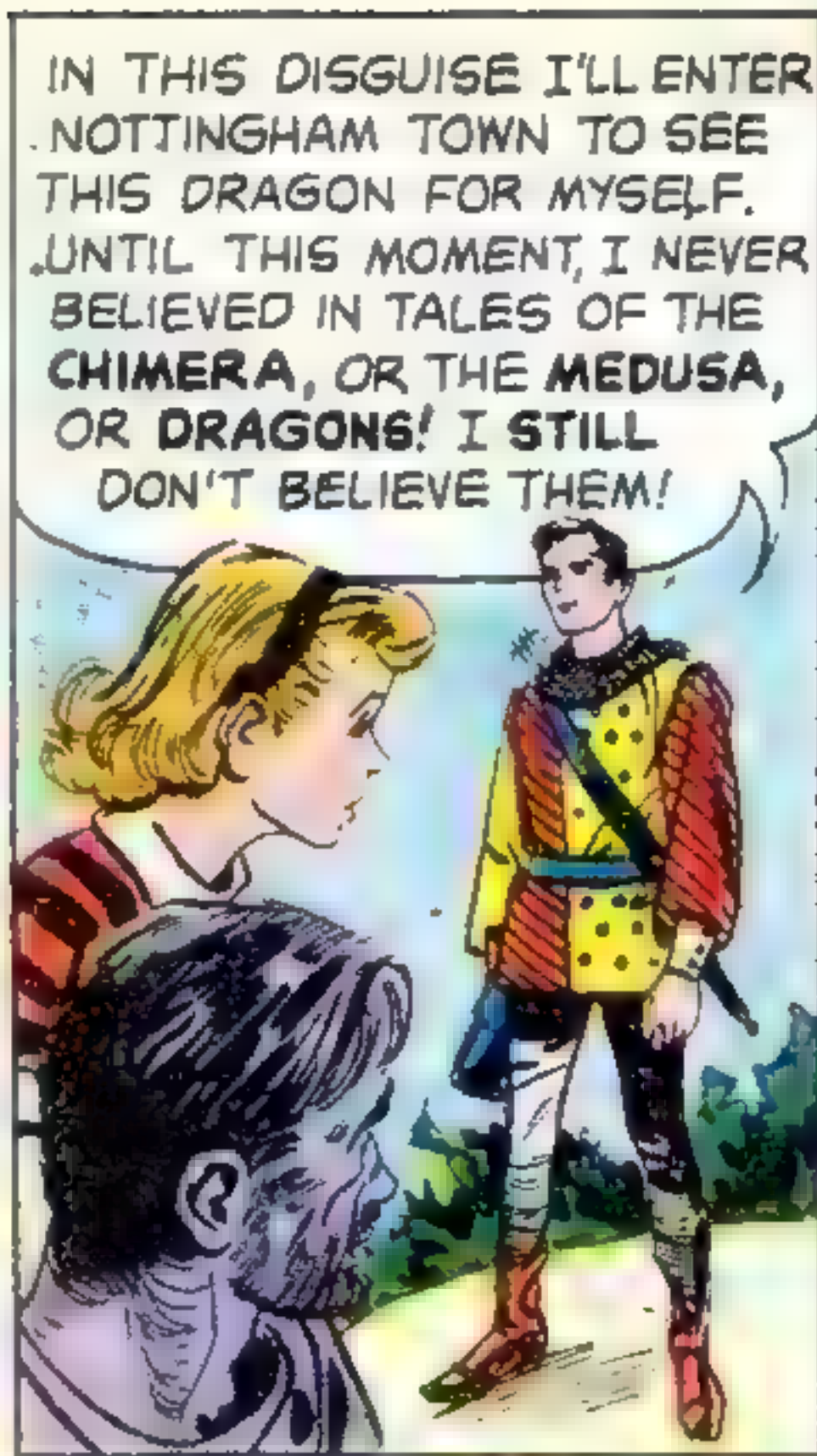
"WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW THE MONSTER BREATHE FIRE AND SMOKE AND DESTROY AT ONE BLOW THE HUTS OF BURNLEY GREEN!"





WELL? WHAT WAS THIS DRAGON LIKE? IS IT VERY LARGE OR VERY SMALL?

IN TRUTH, I DID NOT STAY TO SEE! MY KNEES TURNED TO JELLY AND I RAN FOR MY VERY LIFE!

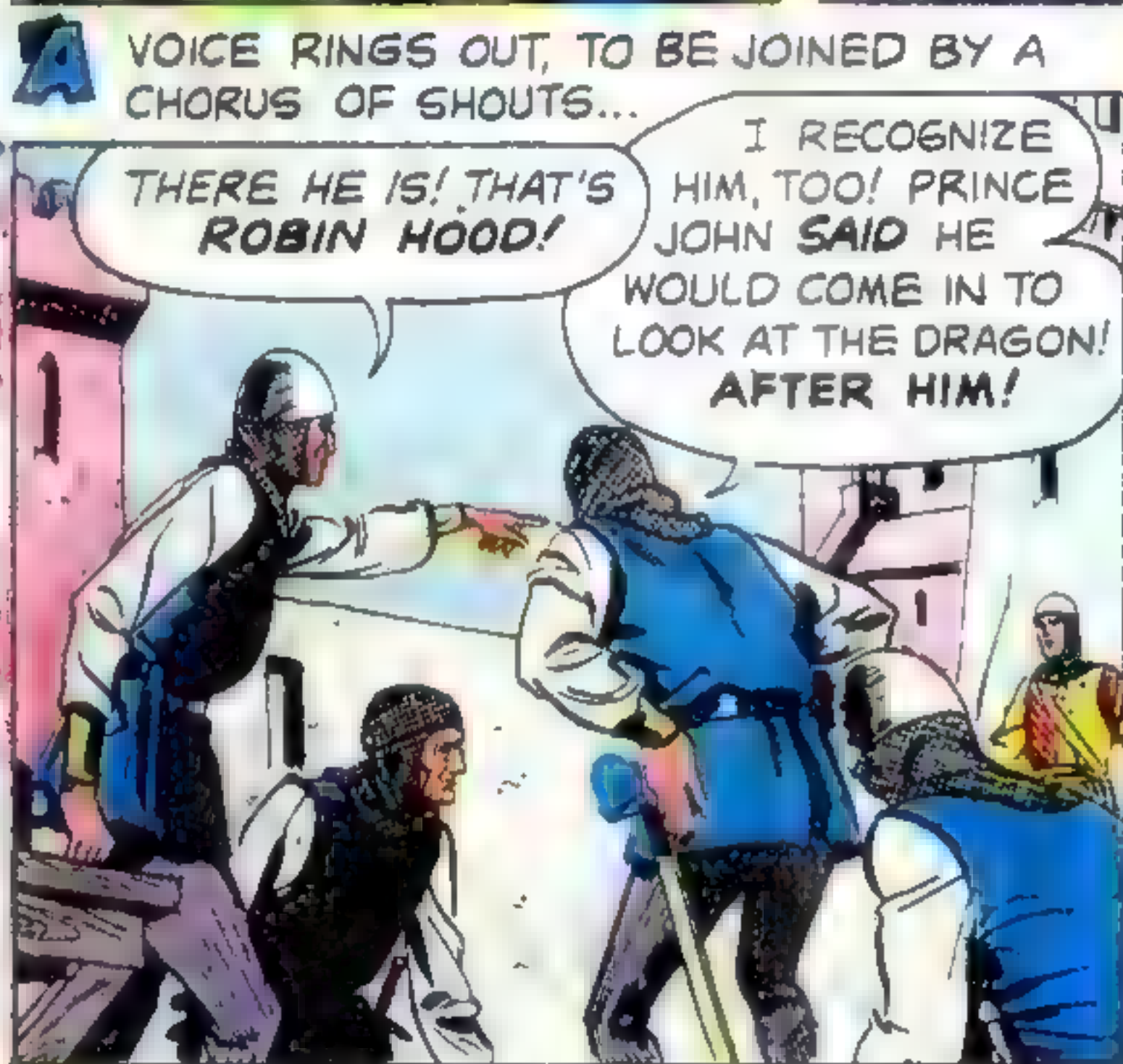


IN THIS DISGUISE I'LL ENTER NOTTINGHAM TOWN TO SEE THIS DRAGON FOR MYSELF. UNTIL THIS MOMENT, I NEVER BELIEVED IN TALES OF THE CHIMERA, OR THE MEDUSA, OR DRAGONS! I STILL DON'T BELIEVE THEM!



NEXT MORNING, IN NOTTINGHAM TOWN...

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS HERE-ABOUTS TOLD ME THE DRAGON WAS IN THE NEXT COURTYARD...!



A VOICE RINGS OUT, TO BE JOINED BY A CHORUS OF SHOUTS...

THERE HE IS! THAT'S ROBIN HOOD!

I RECOGNIZE HIM, TOO! PRINCE JOHN SAID HE WOULD COME IN TO LOOK AT THE DRAGON! AFTER HIM!



ON A NEARBY TOWER WALL-

YOUR DRAGON ALLOWS ME TO CAPTURE ROBIN HOOD BY ITS VERY REPUTATION! I KNEW THAT WHEN I DESTROYED A FEW PEASANT VILLAGES WITH IT, ROBIN HOOD WOULD COME TO SEE IT!

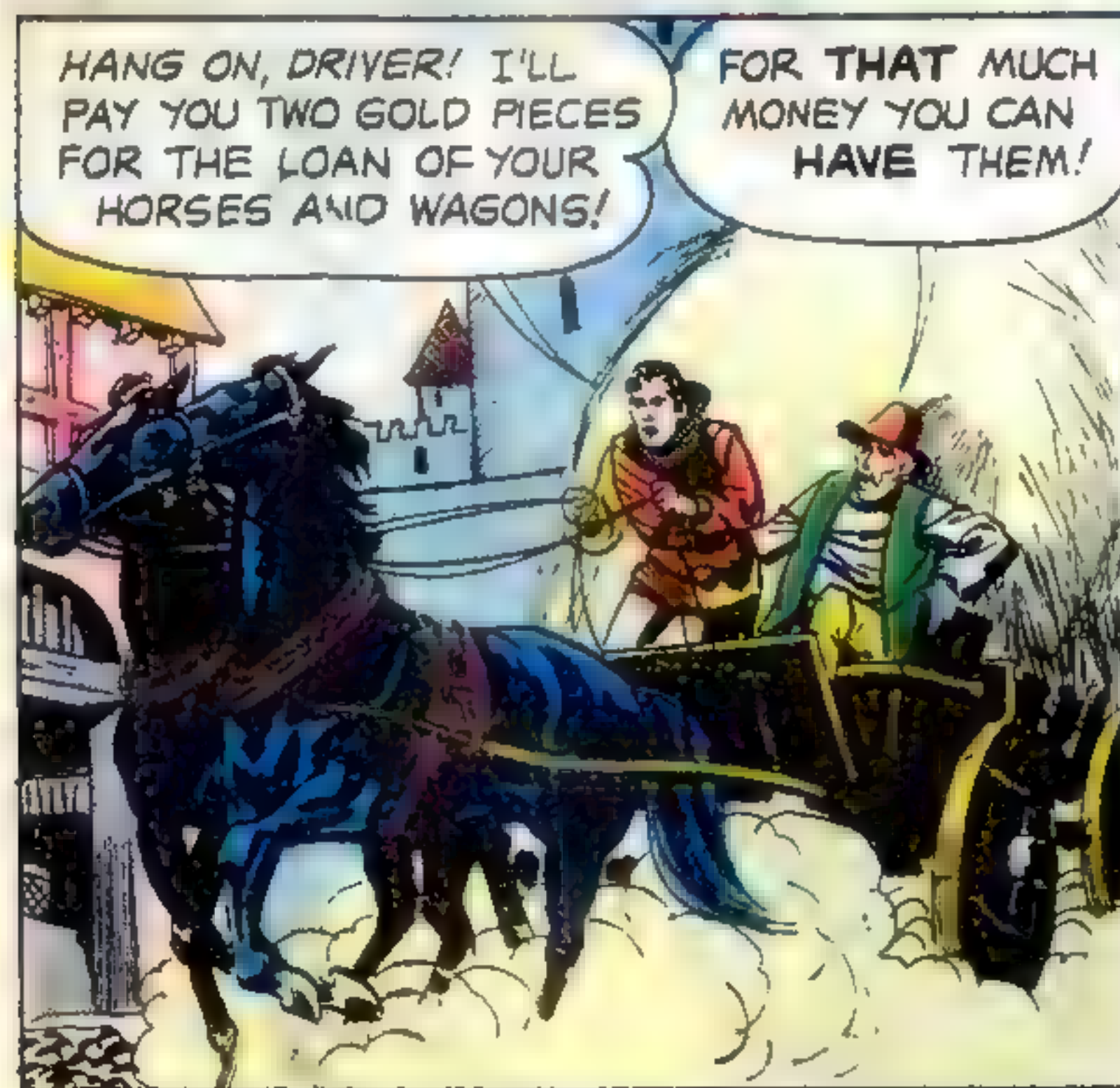
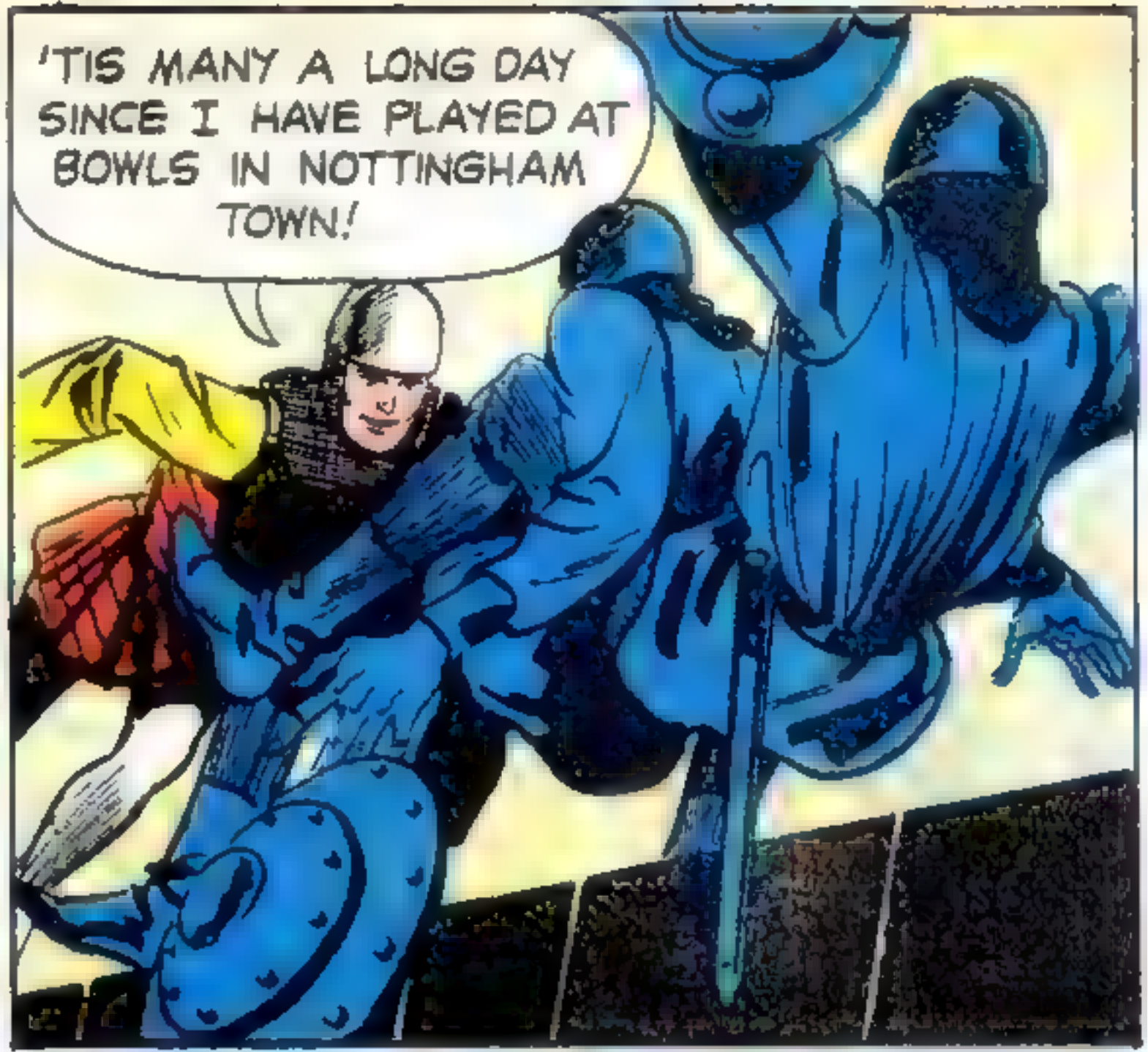
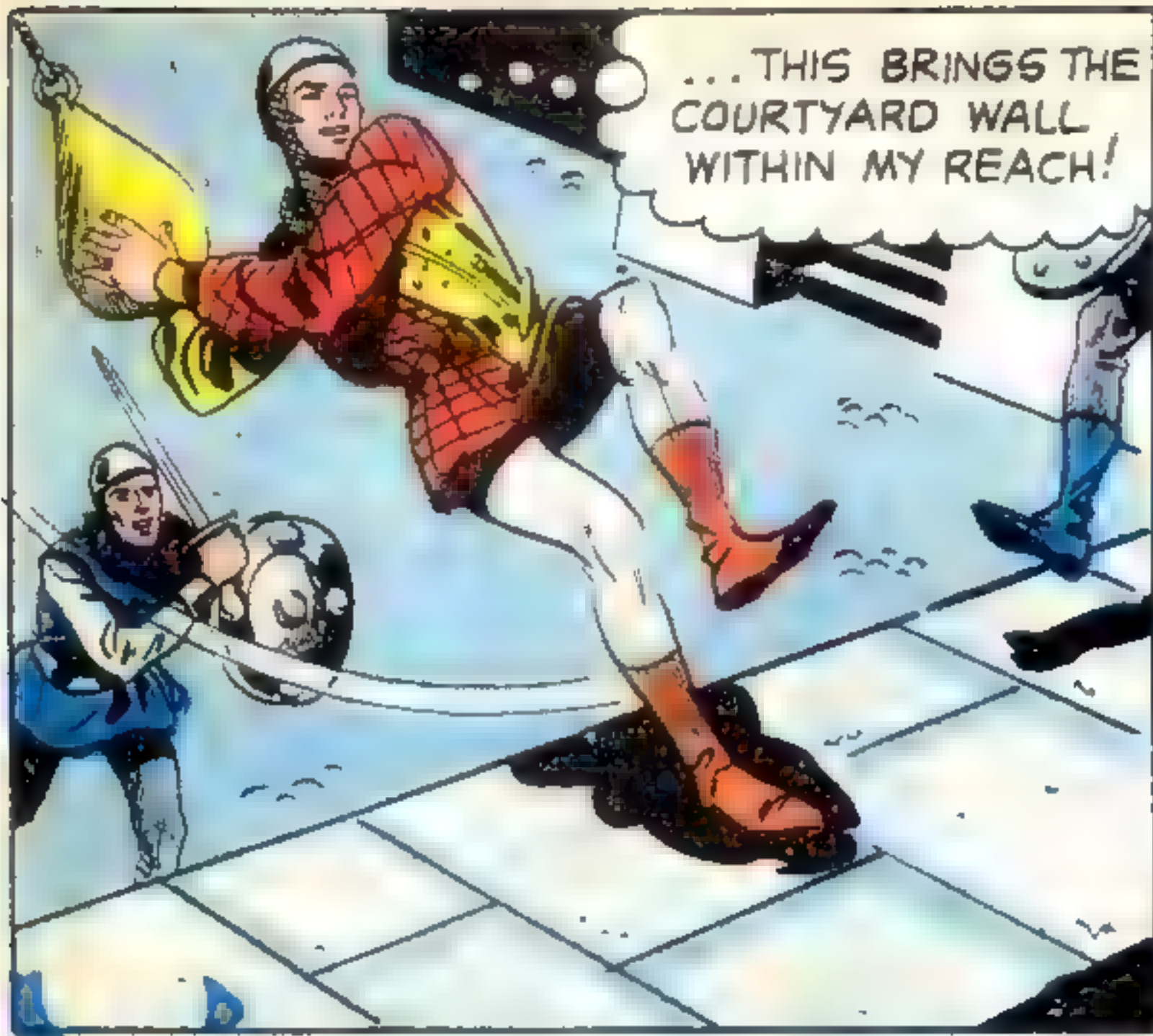


THE EVIL PRINCE JOHN SPEAKS TOO SOON! WHIPPING HIS LONGBOW FROM HIS SHOULDER, ROBIN HOOD SETS SHAFT TO STRING-

MY ARROW-UPON STRIKING THE QUINTAIN'S TARGET-WILL SWING THE WEIGHT AROUND!



THE TARGET WAS TOO HIGH TO REACH-BUT I CAN GRASP THE WEIGHT AND SWING UPWARD-



TWO DAYS LATER, AS THE MERRY MEN HUNT IN THE FOREST—

ROBIN HOOD! PRINCE JOHN'S MEN-AT-ARMS ARE BEHIND US!

WE'LL ESCAPE OVER THE FOREST PASS TO LINCOLN!



BUT ROBIN HOOD AND HIS FORESTERS DISCOVER THE HIGH STONE WALLS OF THE PASS ARE BLOCKED BY A STRANGE OBJECT...!

I KNOW

NOT WHAT IT IS! NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!



THERE IS A SUDDEN ROAR—A LENGTH OF RED FLAME AND SMOKE AND THUNDEROUS NOISE—AND THE MERRY MEN FALL TO THEIR KNEES IN TERROR!

'TIS THE DRAGON!

WE YIELD! WE YIELD!



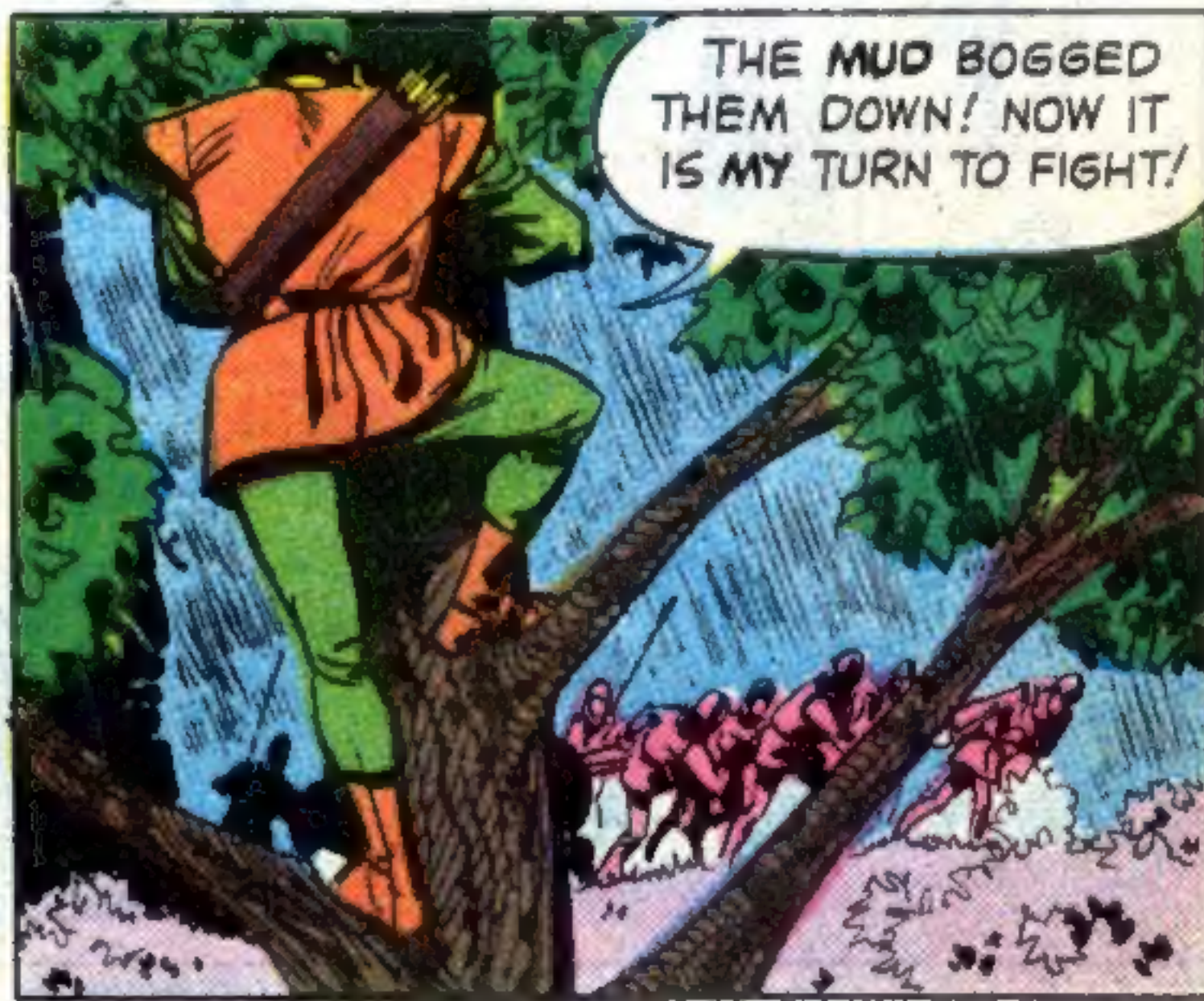
ONE MAN ALONE DOES NOT GIVE WAY TO FRIGHT, THOUGH HE RUNS TO ESCAPE CAPTURE...

THAT IS NO DRAGON—IT IS MADE OF WOOD AND IRON! MANMADE! AND THE SOUND OF THUNDER IN THE SKY TELLS ME A RAINSTORM IS APPROACHING—WHICH TELLS ME ONE SURE WAY TO DEFEAT THE DRAGON!



IN A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR, THE MASTER ARCHER OF SHERWOOD FOREST LEADS THE "DRAGON" INTO A MUDDY BOG...

THE MUD BOGGED THEM DOWN! NOW IT IS MY TURN TO FIGHT!



A FEW WELL PLACED ARROWS DRIVE OFF PRINCE JOHN'S MEN, LEAVING ONLY GILES LUBBOCK BEHIND TO GUARD HIS TREASURE...

I HAVE LEARNED YOU ARE KING RICHARD'S MAN, ROBIN HOOD!

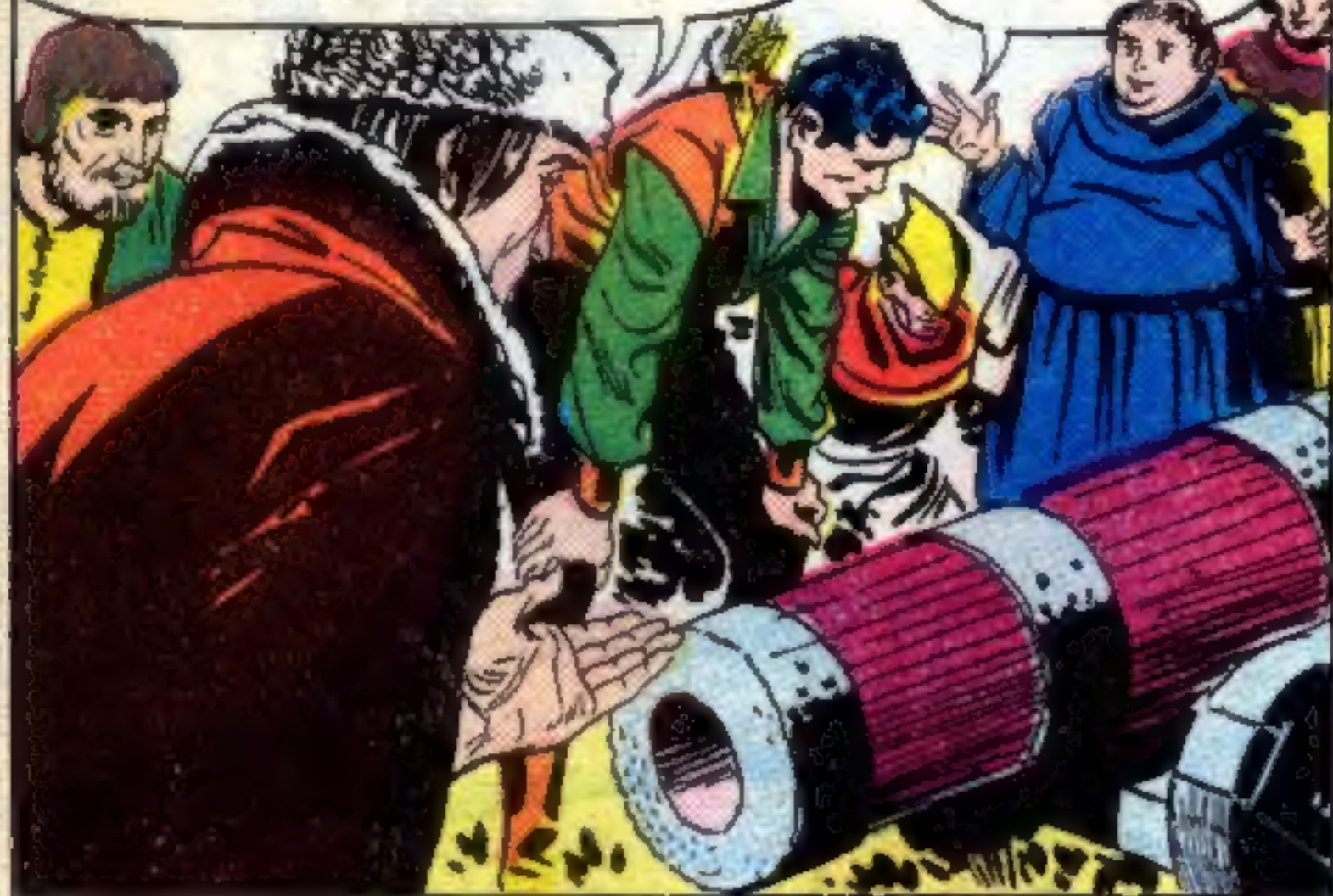


I BROUGHT MY "DRAGON" FROM CHINA TO GIVE TO HIM—NOT TO HIS EVIL BROTHER, PRINCE JOHN! I WANT YOU TO TAKE IT—USE IT FOR LIBERTY AND FREEDOM AS PRINCE JOHN USED IT FOR TYRANNY!

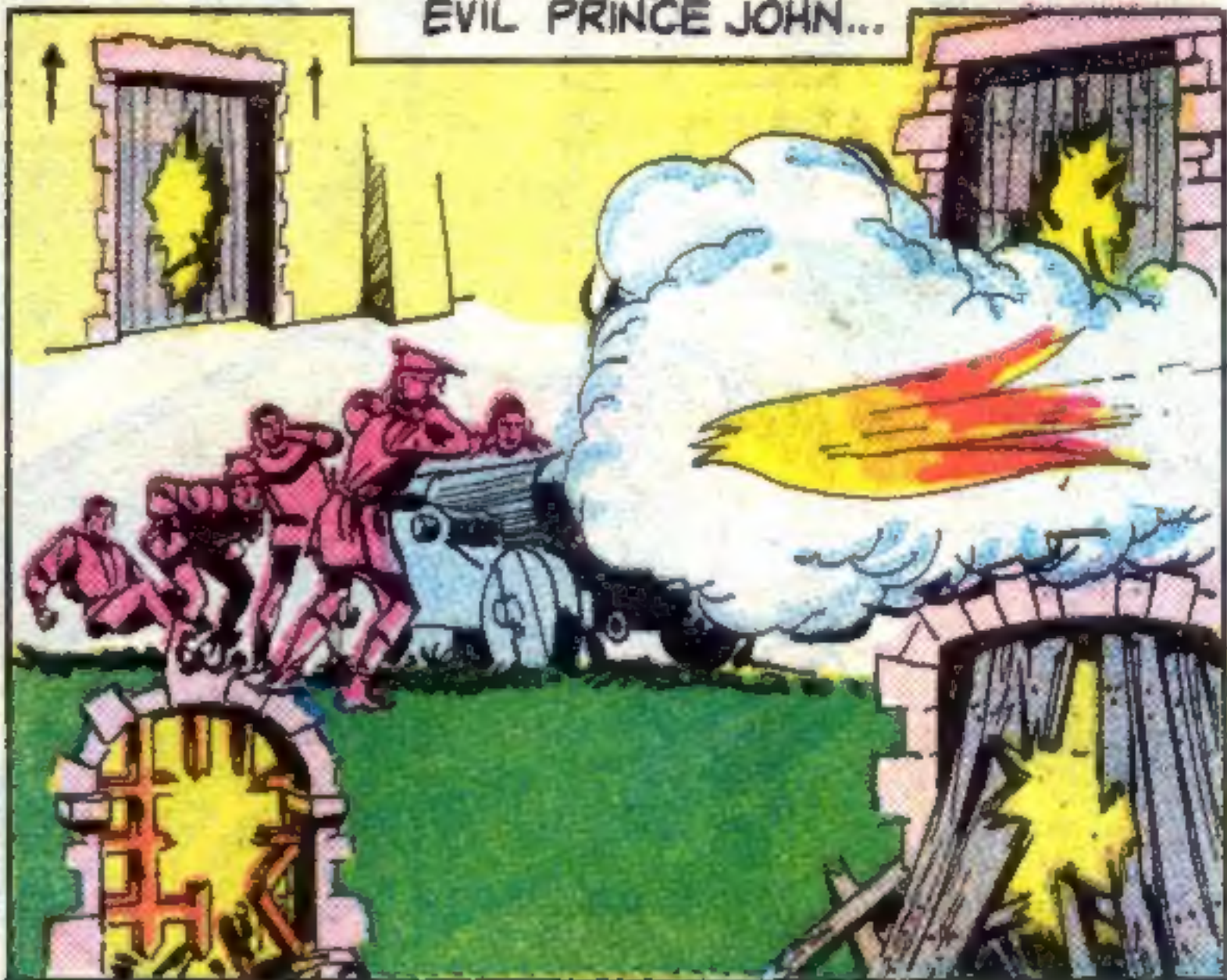


THIS IS NO "DRAGON," BUT A CANNON. THE CHINESE CALL IT T'U HUO CH'ANG! IT FIRES AN IRON BALL BY THE PROPULSIVE EFFECT OF GUNPOWDER WHEN LIGHTED!

TEACH ME ITS USE....!

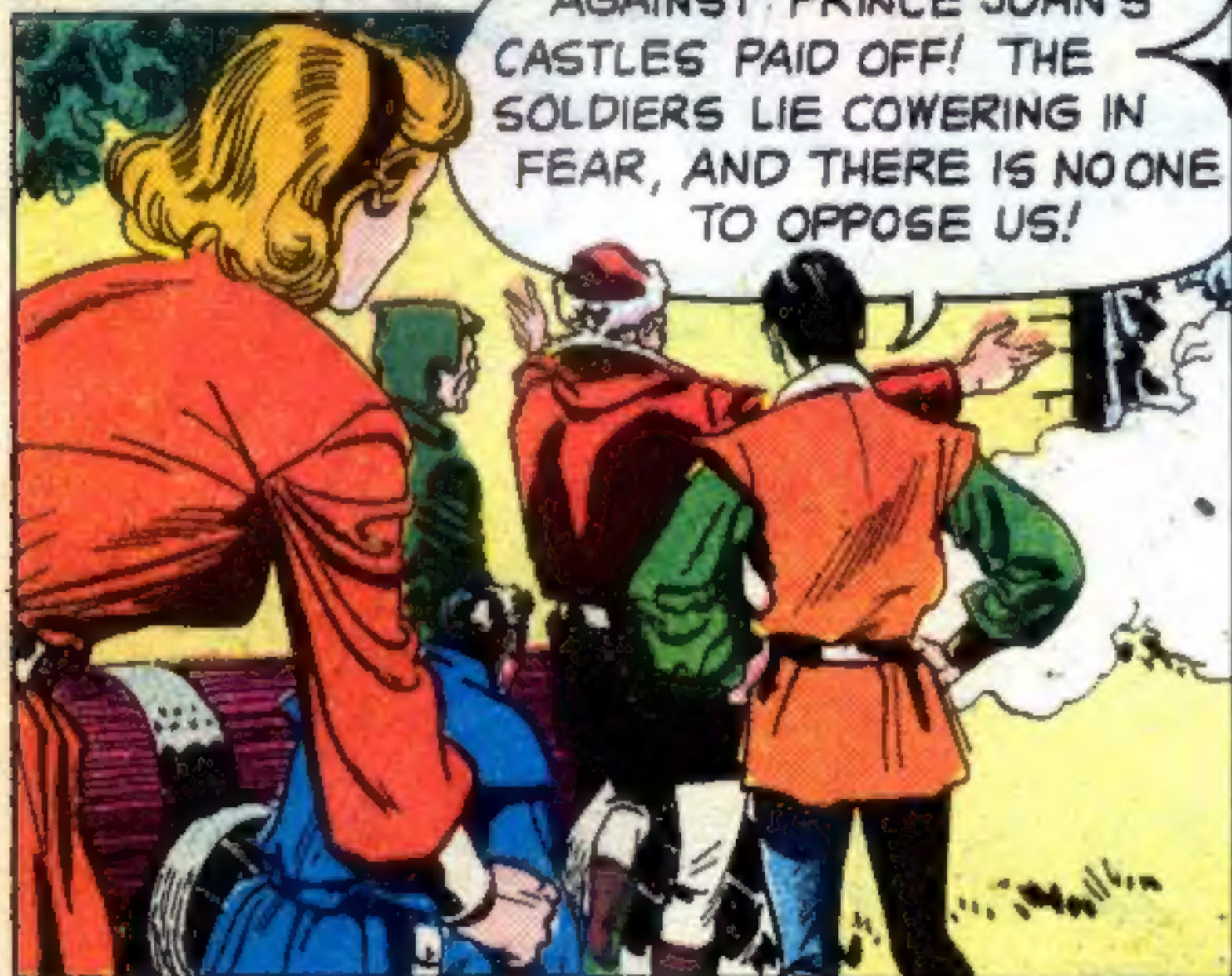


FOR A FEW DAYS THE CANNON MOVES FROM LINCOLN TO YORK TO LEICESTER, BATTERING DOWN THE GATES OF CASTLES OWNED BY THE EVIL PRINCE JOHN...



ONE MORNING THE GATES OF NOTTINGHAM TOWN FALL TO THE IRON CANNONBALLS!

MY PRACTICE GUNNERY AGAINST PRINCE JOHN'S CASTLES PAID OFF! THE SOLDIERS LIE COVERING IN FEAR, AND THERE IS NO ONE TO OPPOSE US!



THE PRISON DOORS FALL NEXT, AND THE MERRY MEN RACE TO FREEDOM!

ROBIN HOOD RESCUED US!

WITH THE VERY DRAGON THAT MADE US SURRENDER!



A JUBILANT BAND OF FORESTERS DRAG THE CANNON INTO THE DEPTHS OF SHERWOOD FOREST...



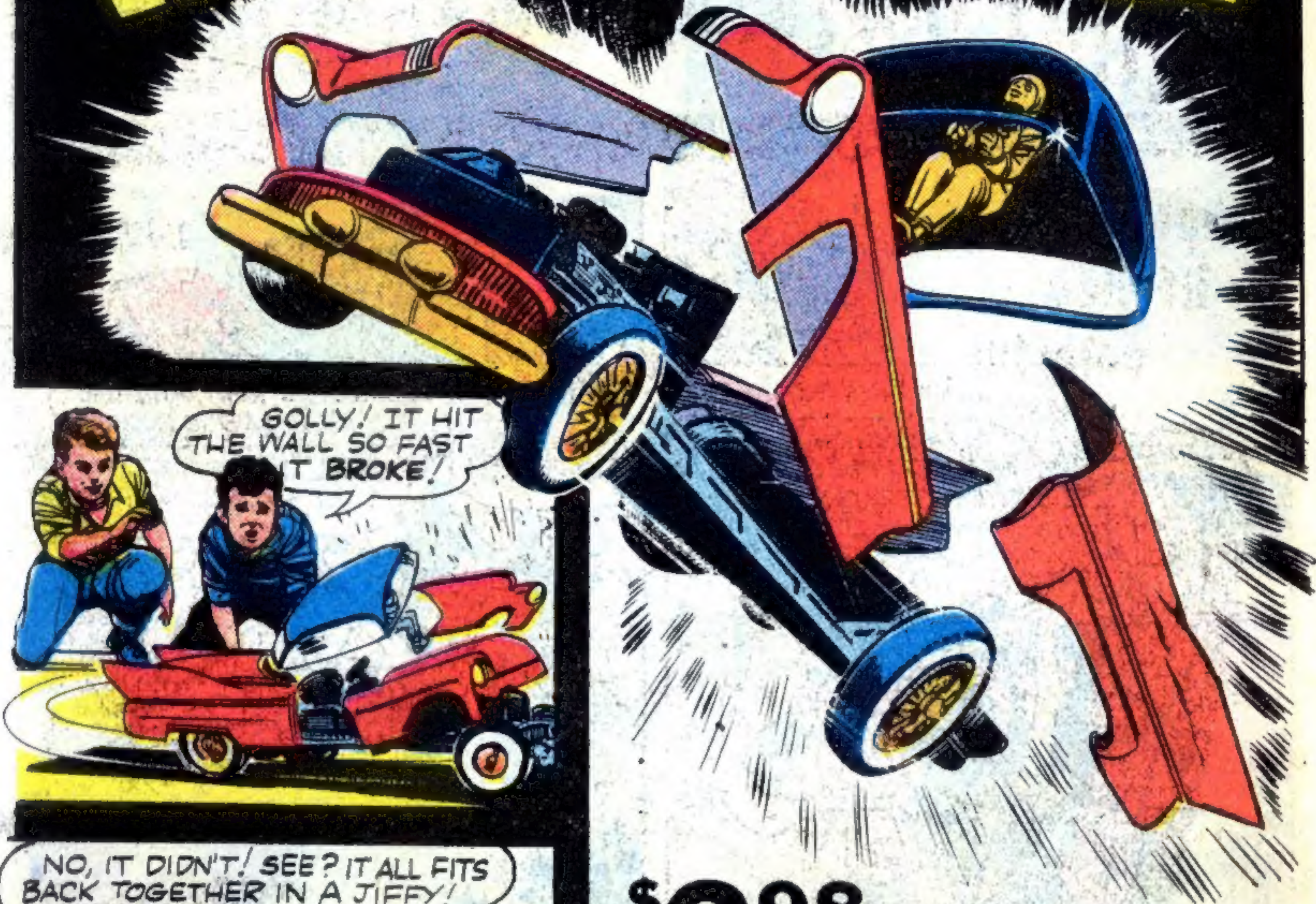
PRINCE JOHN GETS ONLY BILLS FOR TEN SHATTERED CASTLE GATES—AND CASTLE GATES ARE EXPENSIVE TO REPLACE!

CAN NOTHING STOP THAT ROBIN HOOD?



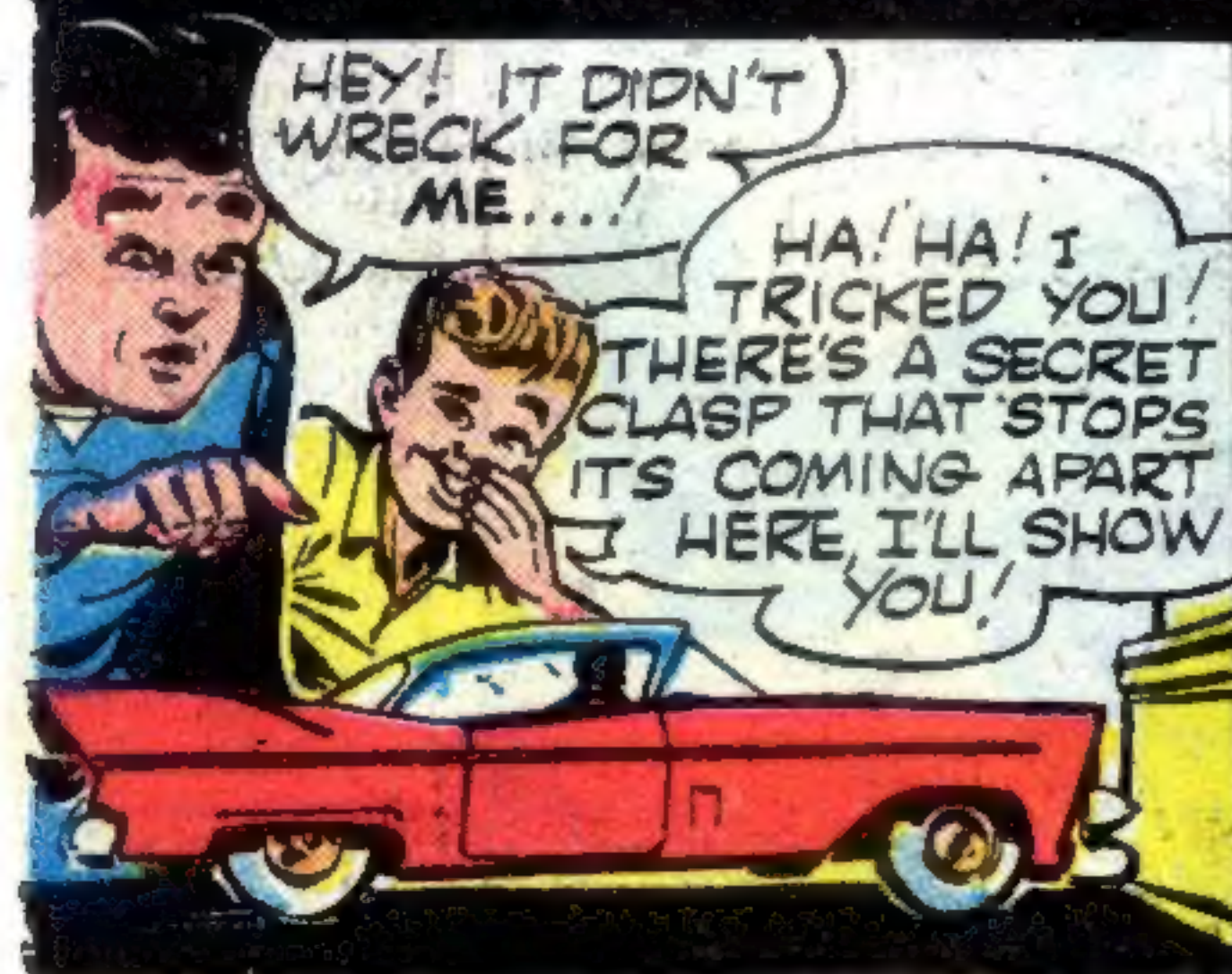
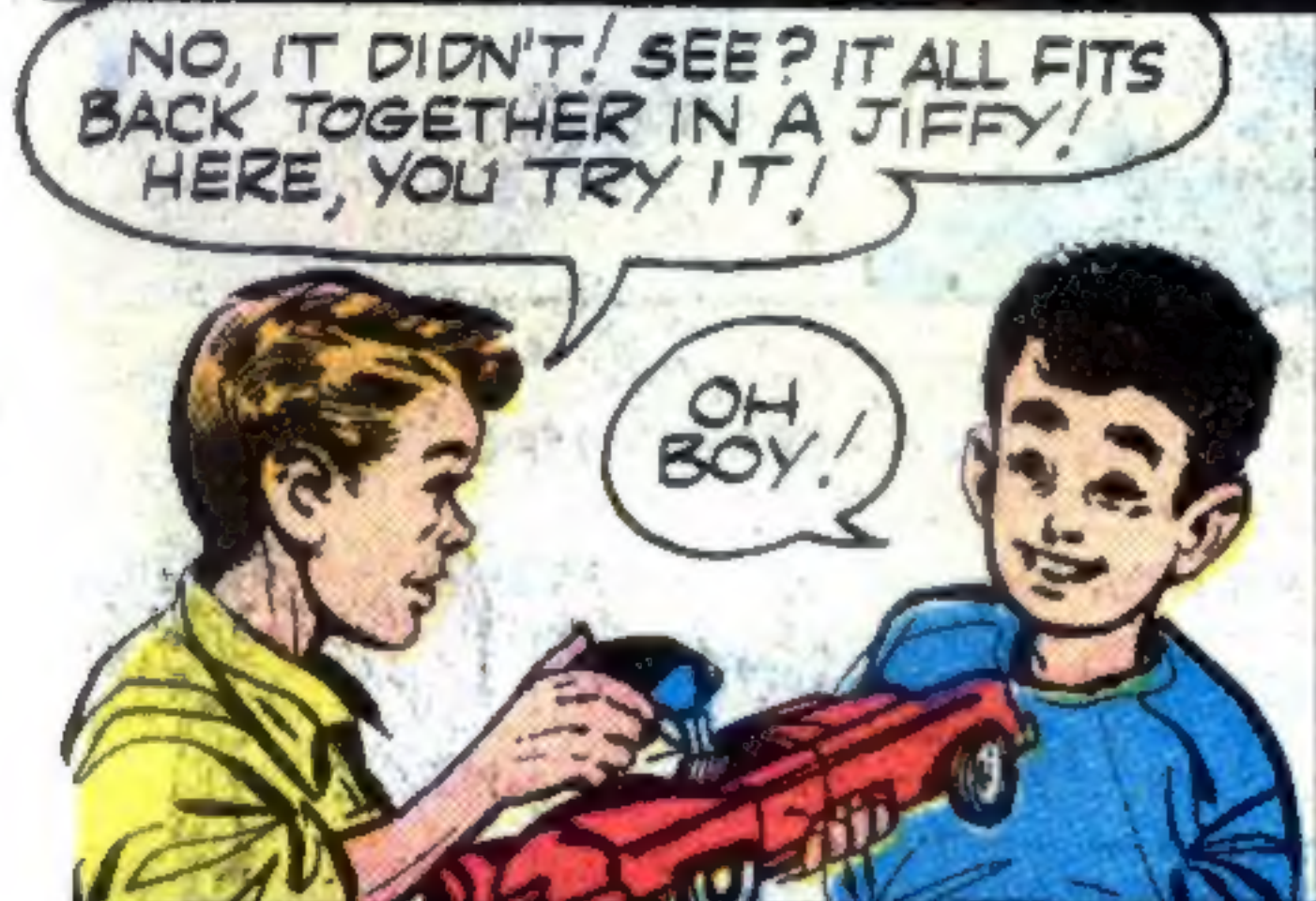
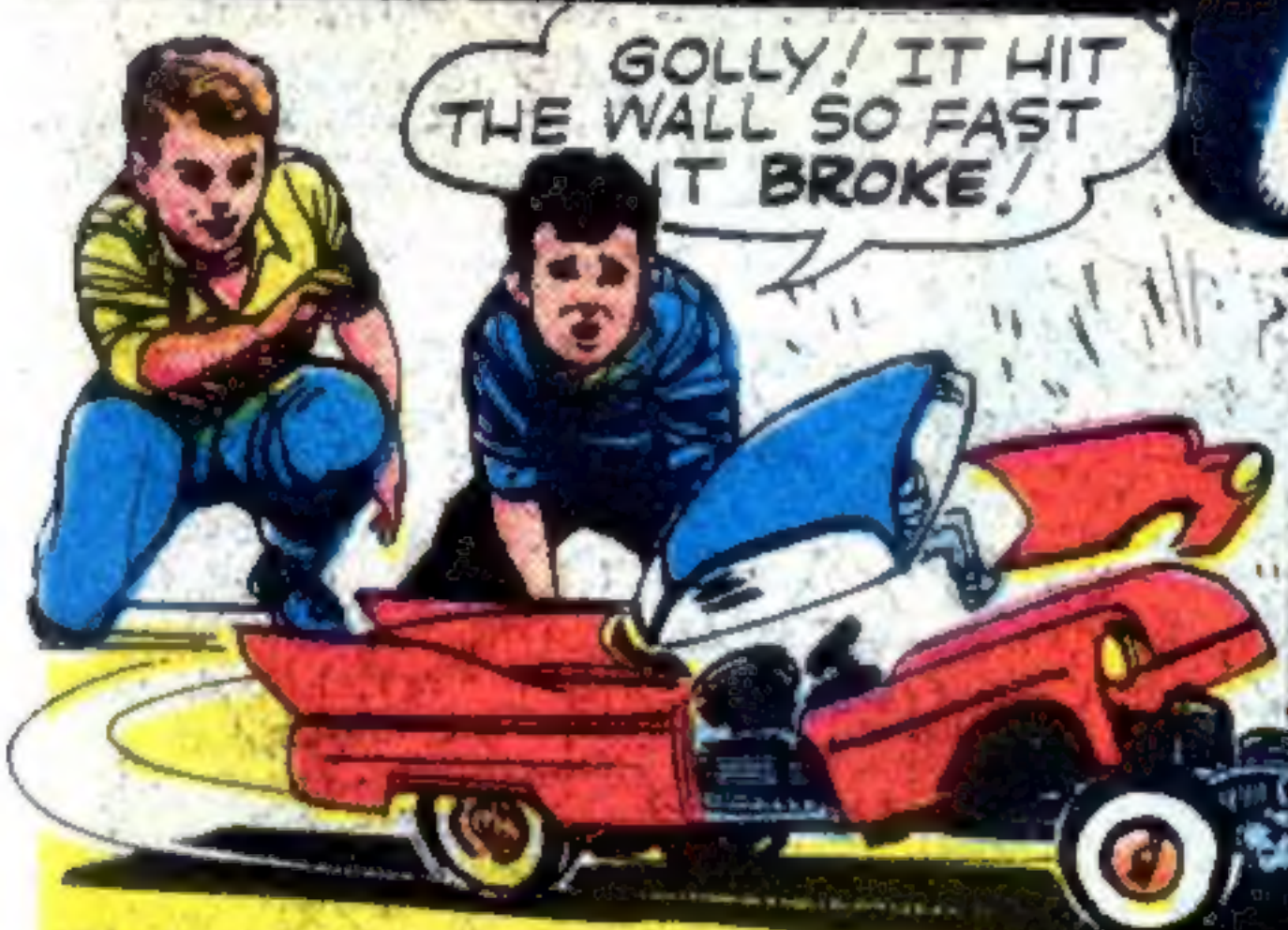
HISTORY RECORDS THAT THE FIRST CANNON—A CRUDE BAMBOO AFFAIR—WAS USED BY THE CHINESE ABOUT THE YEAR 1000 AD. SOME OF THESE EARLY CANNONS COULD HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY INTO EUROPE IN JUST SUCH A WAY AS TOLD IN THIS STORY...

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